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The Long Arm of War

What the war will finally do to the United States, we do not know. Already it has had some effects that are worth cataloguing.

It has of course greatly increased the chance of a Democratic victory in 1940 and of President Roosevelt's running for a third term. The Republicans, who dislike his domestic activities so hysterically, agree with most of his foreign policy—more so, indeed, than many Democrats. The maxim, "Don't swap horses while crossing a stream," now comes into play. Several candidates of both parties who seemed to be possibilities in times of peace suddenly look less attractive in the perspective of war.

At least a dent will be made in the unemployment problem. Not only shall we be making goods for England and France, but we shall be taking markets away from all the belligerents, especially in Latin America. Not many persons now on relief can go into a munitions factory; but as people above them climb the ladder of employment, some of them should get as high as the bottom rung.

Business in general will get a chance to try the "confidence" theory. Wall Street, like the commodity markets, has greatly oversold the war boom. The result, however, has been heavy buying, soaring prices and better feeling among business men. In so far as commerce and industry were afraid of their own shadow, they can take comfort from the fact that the shadow is smaller now.

The business community ought to remember, of course, that prosperity during a war is temporary and illusory. People aren't really better off, because property worth millions is being destroyed every day and thousands of people are being killed. A time of reckoning will come just as it came before. It will be all the worse because this war was started before we had recovered from the last one, as though a convalescent from typhoid came down with tuberculosis. The world of business ought to remember this—but it won't. It will look no farther than yesterday's closing prices and today's opening.

Prices Take a Jump

No sooner had the war broken out than the country was confronted by rising prices. Most of these increases are not justified by basic demand and supply. There are in this country large surpluses, hitherto unsalable, of most foodstuffs and of cotton. All the European countries raise more of their own food than they did in 1914, and all belligerents are stocked up with ample reserves. The moment there is the slightest prospect of depletion of our exportable surpluses of grain, cotton or meat by war demand, more can be produced, almost without limit. We do import a large part of our sugar, coffee and tea, but the producers of these crops in other countries have been struggling with unsalable surpluses just as American farmers have been. And surely there will be no difficulty in getting sugar from Cuba or coffee from Brazil.

The price increases in these commodities, especially

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sugar, arise from memories of what happened in the last war, which led to overbuying and hoarding on the part of individual consumers, and speculating on the part of dealers. But the condition will be temporary; new supplies will quickly respond to the increased demand.

Prepare Now for Profiteering

Concerning other commodities there is more doubt. Much of our wool comes from Australia, and the British government will greatly increase its demand for this. We now buy a lot of wood-pulp abroad; 70 percent of the imports come from the Baltic, which is bottled up. There may be shortages of some metals or minerals. But, in general, there is no prospect whatever of a real scarcity of any essential commodity. What may happen is a sufficient reduction of supply or enlargement of demand to enable those in a position to do so to increase their profits at the expense of the consumer. A glaring instance of this is shipping.

The government ought at once to prepare to deal with this prospect. In some cases it directly controls the supply, as in sugar and cotton, and can move promptly to counteract any possible shortages. This has already been done in sugar, by suspending the import restrictions. In other cases it will have to deal with profiteering arising from diminished supply or increased demand, both of which are beyond its control. Organization to forecast the situation in each commodity and to take appropriate measures can save us from a high cost of living and inflation. If business profits are increased by the war, they ought to depend on larger sales rather than on higher prices. In many cases, as in building materials, prices ought to be lower.

Predictions That Didn't Come Off

This war has thus far settled almost nothing of importance, but it has proved a few predictions groundless. For many years Sunday-supplement writers, and an occasional reputable authority, have told us that the next war would be a "two-hour war," that there would be no declaration, but airplanes would suddenly appear out of the sky over the great cities, bombing them almost instantly into such chaos that they must submit. It wasn't so. After nine days of war among England, France and Germany there has been no attempt, so far as we are aware, to bomb any of the three capitals, and certainly not with anything other than propaganda leaflets. A number of declarations of war have been made. There has been little if any use of poison gas; the Poles have accused the Germans of employing it, but civilian testimony on this subject is not always reliable, since it is likely to confuse the fumes of ordinary high explosive with those of gas.

Aerial bombing on a vast scale was carried out against many Polish cities and especially Warsaw. For days on end the Polish capital was bombed every hour on the hour. Hundreds of noncombatants were killed and thousands wounded, possibly through inaccuracy of aviators trying to hit military objectives. What was done to Warsaw seems to have been far worse than what happened to Madrid, Barcelona or Chungking. Yet the city continued to exist and to put up a fight.

One prediction that had often been made proved to be true. The world was drenched with propaganda, much of it shamelessly false and none of it telling more than part of the truth. Censorship, intended to prevent a leakage of military secrets, went far beyond this and threatened civilian morale by leaving people to be victims of ignorance and rumor.

Reading in Bed

A few nights ago, our head spinning with thoughts of war, alarums and excursions, we picked up "Hamlet" to read ourselves to sleep. Just as we thought we'd pulled the wool over our eyes, Act IV, Scene 4 dropped on us like a Russo-German pact. Prince Hamlet, moodily stalking the Danish wastes, perceived an army approaching him. "How purpos'd?" he asked. The Captain told him, "Against some part of Poland." Then Hamlet wanted to know what for.

Captain: We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name. . . .
Hamlet: Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
Captain: Yes, it is already garrison'd.

And there we were, right back where we started from.

Goering Explains Everything

Marshal Goering's speech to the German munitions workers on September 10 was two kinds of a masterpiece. It was a masterpiece of tactless propaganda; he said that he'd be glad to show the British how completely he could lick them, but implied that Hitler wanted him to hold back so that there might be a chance for an "appeasement" armistice. Thus he strengthens the British view that if the Nazis aren't beaten now they will attack again later. And it was a masterpiece of inconsistency. He said, "Chamberlain ought to be ashamed of himself for standing by the Poles," and then later declared that Britain had incited the Poles against Germany in the first place. He asserted that Germany had raw materials in reserve. Then he said that there were some she lacked, but that she had plenty of coal and iron and would get stronger as the war went on. Finally he admitted that "ersatz" goods were not the best, and that there would be more of them, but, he said triumphantly, if his listeners didn't believe that Germany had raw-material reserves, they must admit that Russia had plenty. He explained that the decree forbidding Germans to listen to foreign radio stations was issued, not because he thought foreign propaganda would have any effect, but because listening to foreign lies was dishonor-

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able. If Marshal Goering wins a few more verbal battles with himself like this one, he will have done a good deal to lose the war.

Words of a Feather

Most people think Fritz Kuhn is a German Nazi, in spite of his denials. Now two of the little ultra-patriotic organizations, the Christian Mobilizers and the Knights of the White Camellia, have formed a "spiritual coalition" with Kuhn's German-American Bund. The Christian Defender, a mimeographed sheet that appears to be the organ of the Mobilizers, has reported a meeting on August 23 at Innisfail Stadium ("for size and sheer dramatic color unprecedented in the annals of New York") at which Kuhn and the leaders of the other two organizations all spoke. The paper speaks of the three throughout its columns as linked in "Christian unity." We can hardly think of any way in which the "patriots" could more strongly demonstrate their opposition to the ideas of most Americans than by joining hands with Hitler's spokesman. But they thought of a way. Joe McWilliams, leader of the Mobilizers, harangued the audience, saying "We must learn to hate all Roosevelts and all LaGuardias." And George R. Deatherage, of the Knights, declared, "A few may have to die. What is that, however, when it means the liberation of your country from international control?" They sound so bad by themselves that perhaps Fritz Kuhn won't do them any harm.

Spotlight on the Communists

The Dies Committee during the last few days has heard a mass of information and alleged information regarding the Communist Party in the United States. Earl Browder, its present head, admitted that he went abroad on a false passport, and named a number of liberal organizations in the United States which he said were "transmission belts" for communist ideas. He said that any member of the party who attacked the Russo-German pact would certainly be expelled.

Ben Gitlow, who was an important official of the American Communists in the 1920's, but was thrown out about a decade ago, produced more sensational material. He said that in former years substantial sums of money were sent from Moscow to aid the movement in this country. At one time it was planned to make counterfeit American money, and to forge American passports, both on a large scale. He stated that the American party was run from Moscow and that Stalin personally interfered and forced acceptance of his views by demanding the expulsion of those opposed to him. Gitlow repeated in general the Ben Stolberg allegations about Communists in the CIO. As a result of this testimony Mr. Dies sent a copy of the record to the Department of Justice for possible prosecution of Browder and other party leaders for failure to register as agents of a foreign government.

What the Charges Add Up To

There is no doubt that all this testimony will do the Communists some harm in the eyes of American public opinion, especially since the Russo-German treaty. Yet well informed persons know that the material is less impressive than it seems at first glance. There was never much doubt that Moscow was sending money here during the 1920's, and taking an active interest in American affairs. It was one of the conditions when diplomatic relations were resumed that propaganda activities from Moscow should be stopped.

In most cases the charge against CIO officials is that they follow the party line; it would be just as fair to say that the party line follows these officials, since no one has yet accused any of them of actions that would not have been performed by any good trade-union man.

The most seriously damaging statement in all the testimony was Mr. Browder's observation that party members opposing the Russo-German pact would be expelled. This is an old familiar Communist attitude, but it gets less and less palatable to Americans as time passes, especially since party members as a whole have not met and voted as to their attitude on the pact. There is extreme inconsistency in men who defend expulsion of all critics and at the same time insist on their undying adherence to democratic principles.

Sour Grapes

We hardly expected to be able to laugh at anything having to do with the migratory agricultural workers in California. But we cracked a smile when we heard of the attempt of the Kern County Chamber of Commerce to rebut the charges in John Steinbeck's book. The secretary of the Chamber of Commerce made a three-reel colored film, which he is showing around the state. He calls it "Plums of Plenty."

The Kern County employers' position in this debate has been considerably weakened by a foolish decision of the county authorities forbidding the circulation of "Grapes of Wrath" by the public libraries. It is clear that if, as the employers charge, the book is unfair to Kern County, then the best way to discredit it inside the county is to make sure that everyone reads it.

Unverified

The following items are to be read at your own risk:

We are told that a Czech some time ago invented a marvelous type of concrete so hard that it survives even a direct hit by a bomb. This was used in Czecho-Slovakia's defense lines opposite Germany and also in the French Maginot Line. When the Germans took the Sudeten area a year ago, one of their first demands was for the formula. The inventor, however, destroyed all copies of it and his cement is no longer being made.

Listening devices for submarines, it is said, have recently been enormously improved. A sub can now be

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heard under water for a distance of ten miles. Even if it sinks to the bottom and stays there, the listening device will pick up the throb of the motors for its air and light system, and thus determine its direction.

A group of German officers was captured by the Poles because they listened to and believed the radio broadcasts from Berlin. When these broadcasts said Warsaw had been captured, they got into a car, drove to the city, and fell into the hands of the Poles.

Eire is the only country of the British empire that has remained neutral. Recently a British war plane made a forced landing in Irish waters. The question arose whether the crew should not be interned, but they were finally allowed to return to England, because, as an Irish official explained, "Sure we're neutral. But who are we neutral against?"

Walter Winchell tells the inside story of how H. R. Ekins, Rome representative of the United Press, was expelled from Italy. Ekins had learned that Mussolini has heart trouble. Knowing that Italian officials listen to all international telephone calls, and hoping to confuse them, he rang up his London office and said: "Mr. Big is icksay. His ticker is diving. But don't use. Nobody is. Everybody has the orystay but we are all laying off because we'd all etgay ossedtay out of the ountrycay. And don't query me on it. I'll keep you posted in baseball slang. . . ." Next morning, according to Winchell, the U.P. boss (Roy Howard?) who happened to be in London, saw the story and got much excited. He called up Ekins in Rome and said: "How true is that about Mussolini's heart attack?" Exit, Ekins.

News Notes of a Week

The British Ministry of Information, in reply to Marshal Goering's speech, said that Britain would not make peace with any German government headed by Adolf Hitler, but would do so with "any honorable government." . . . Eduard Benes, the exiled President of Czecho-Slovakia, notified the French, British and Polish governments that "Czecho-Slovak citizens consider themselves as being also at war with German military forces." Of 3,000 Czechs in England it was reported that 1,000 had already volunteered to fight.

Of six United States Congressmen returning from Europe September 11, three declared that in their opinion all neutrality legislation should be repealed and the United States should rely on good old international law, as she did in the last war. . . . The North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American Lines closed their New York City office. . . . The National Maritime Union, to which most East Coast sailors belong, asked heavy individual insurance and extra pay for its members entering the war zone. . . . After ten weeks, the deportation hearing of Harry Bridges closed September 11. Dean James M. Landis instructed counsel for the government and the defense to submit briefs within six weeks, and it was expected that his report and recommendation might be made within a month after that. . . . The trials of several of the alleged members of Philadelphia's murder-for-insurance ring began. They are charged with killing scores of people, but in these days they can't even make the front page.

Force and Ideas

EVERY SANE PERSON KNOWS that it is a greater thing to build a city than it is to bombard it, to plough a field than to trample it, to serve mankind than to conquer it. And yet once the armies get loose, the terrific noise and shock of war make all that was valuable seem pale and dull and sentimental. Trenches and shrapnel, howitzers and forts, marching and charging and seizing—these seem real, these seem to be men's work. But subtle calculations in a laboratory, or the careful planning of streets and sanitation and schools, things which constitute the great peaceful adventure of democracy, seem to sink to so much whimpering and futility.

Who cares to paint a picture now, or to write any poetry but war poetry, or to search the meaning of language, or speculate about the constitution of matter? It seems like fiddling when Rome burns. Or to edit a magazine—to cover paper with ink, to care about hopes that have gone stale, to launch phrases that are lost in the uproar? What is the good now of thinking? What is a critic compared to a battalion of infantry? This, men say, is a time for action, any kind of action. So, without a murmur, the laboratories of Europe are commandeered as hospitals, a thousand half-finished experiments abandoned. There was more for the future of the world in those experiments than we dare to calculate. They are tossed aside. The best scholarship has turned press agent to the General Staff. The hope of labor is absorbed, the great plans built on the surplus of wealth are dropped, for the armies have to be financed. Merely to exist has become a problem, to live finely seems to many a derelict hope.

Yet the fact remains that the final argument against cannon is ideas. The thoughts of men which seem so feeble are the only weapons they have against overwhelming force. It was a brain that conceived a gun, it was brains that organized the armies, it was the triumph of physics and chemistry that made possible the dreadnought. Men organized this superb destruction; they created this force, thought it, dreamed it, planned it. It has got beyond their control. It has got into the service of hidden forces they do not understand. Men can master it only by clarifying their own will to end it, and making a civilization so thoroughly under their control that no machine can turn traitor to it. For while it takes as much skill to make a sword as a plowshare, it takes a critical understanding of human values to prefer the plowshare.

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That is why civilization seems dull and war romantic to unimaginative people. It requires a trained intelligence to realize that the building of the Panama Canal by the American army is perhaps the greatest victory an army ever won. Yet the victories of peace are less renowned than those of war. For every hundred people who can feel the horrors of the battlefield, how many are there who feel the horror of the slum? For every hundred people who admire the organization of war, how many are there who recognize the wasteful helter-skelter of peace?

It is no wonder, then, that war, once started, sweeps everything before it, that it seizes all loyalties and subjugates all intelligence. War is the one activity that men really plan for passionately on a national scale, the only organization that is thoroughly conceived. Men prepare themselves for campaigns they may never wage, but for peace, even when they meet the most acute social crisis, they will not prepare themselves. They set their armies on a hair-trigger of preparation. They leave their diplomacy archaic. They have their troops ready to put down labor disputes; they will not think out the problems of labor. They turn men into military automatons, stamp upon every personal feeling for what they call national defense; they are too timid to discipline business. They spend years learning to make war; they do not learn to govern themselves. They ask men to die for their country; they think it a stupid strain to give time to living for it.

Knowing this, we cannot abandon the labor of thought. However crude and weak it may be, it is the only force that can pierce the agglomerated passion and wrong-headedness of this disaster. We have learned a lesson. We know how insecurely we have been living, how grudging, poor, mean, careless has been what we call civilization. We have not known how to forestall the great calamity. We have not known enough, we have not been trained enough, ready enough, or radical enough to make our will effective. We have taken the ideas that were thrust upon us, we have believed what we were told to believe. We have got into habits of thought when unnecessary things seemed inevitable; in panic and haste we stumbled into what we did not want.

We shall not do better in the future by more stumbling and more panic. If our thought has been ineffective we shall not save ourselves by not thinking at all, for there is only one way to break the vicious circle of action, and that is by subjecting it endlessly to the most ruthless criticism of which we are capable. It is not enough to hate war and waste, to launch one unanalyzed passion against another, to make the world a vast debating ground in which tremendous accusations are directed against Hitler and the financiers, the diplomatists and the gun manufacturers. The guilt is wider and deeper than that. It comes home finally to all those who live carelessly, too lazy to think, too preoccupied to care, afraid to move, afraid to change, eager for a false peace, unwilling to pay the daily costs of sanity.

We in America are not immune to what some people imagine to be the diseases of Europe. Nothing would be easier for us than to drift into an impossible situation, our life racked and torn within and without. We, too, have our place in the world. We have our obligations, our aggressions, our social chasms, our internal diseases. We are unready to deal with them. We are committed to responsibilities we do not understand, we are the victims of interests and deceptive ideas, and nothing but our own clarified effort can protect us from the consequences. We, too, can blunder into horror.

The foregoing editorial is reprinted from Volume I, No. I of The New Republic, dated November 7, 1914. We have made only one change: substituting the name of Hitler for that of the Kaiser.

Unrestricted Submarine Warfare

GERMANY SEEMS TO BE trying to repeat the history of 1914-18 to the letter, though with the time lapse greatly shortened. She has declared an economic blockade against Great Britain, which she can enforce even partially only by the use of submarines. Her list of contraband parallels the British one, which includes arms, ammunition and other war materials, fuel of all types, instruments of communication, coin, bullion and other tokens of wealth. "Conditional contraband" on the British list is food, feed, clothing, etc. The German proclamation makes no distinction between the two lists. All ships of all nations will be stopped on the high seas and if they carry contraband they will presumably be sunk, since it is obviously impossible to bring them into a German harbor. A similar decision and its application by the Germans in February, 1917, lost them the war. This time, they arrived at their possibly suicidal policy after eight days instead of thirty months.

In the light of this announcement, the session of the American Congress that is expected within the next three weeks assumes even greater importance than before. It seems probable that in spite of the attitude of Senator Borah and his fellow isolationists, Congress will repeal the arms embargo, and so far as can be judged, a majority of the American public now supports such action. Feeling against Hitler is already so strong that Americans are not willing to stand by and see England and France run the risk of losing the war because of the lack of military airplanes and other materials which our factories are capable of supplying. At the same time, this country is still strongly determined to keep out of war.

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The only possible answer is cash-and-carry. There is no law that now prevents our selling wheat and other foods, cotton and raw materials to Great Britain and France, and no possibility of passing such a law. Yet if these commodities continue to cross the ocean in American ships with American crews, some of these vessels are certain to be sunk. Even if the submarine commanders attempt to observe the rules of warfare, probably many American citizens would be drowned; submarines have no room to spare for rescued crews and the North Atlantic is no place to be adrift in an open boat, especially in autumn or winter. A few weeks of such happenings, and the Americans would go to war despite what the President and the cooler heads in Congress might want.

Cash-and-carry does not give us any real guarantee of staying aloof—it may be that the American people will decide to join the war in any case—but it gives us our only chance. Let any nation which wishes to do so come to our shores and buy goods of any kind it desires. Let it pay cash, and take title on the dock. Let it then transmit these goods in its own ships, manned by its own citizens. If one of these ships were sunk, it would call for sympathy and indignation but it would not, as in the case of one of our own vessels, demand that "our honor be avenged." As long as the British navy commands the sea, the beneficiaries of this plan would be the Allies, which would be in agreement with what our people want. At the same time the terms would be open to all, which is as much as can be expected of any neutral nation in the world of realities.

We are astonished that discussion in Washington of the coming session of Congress concerns itself so much with the arms embargo and so little with cash-and-carry, which is infinitely more important. Senator Borah and his group ought to realize that we shall get into the war about as quickly with the arms embargo as without it, if we continue to send non-military goods to Europe in American ships. The times call for statesmanship, not for merely sticking to principles that were good yesterday but are not necessarily valid today.

Queer Dollar-a-Year Men

SOME VERY QUEER GENTLEMEN have recently been called in to advise the United States government. They are queer, that is, as persons selected for important roles in the New Deal. Coöpted to aid President Hoover—as some of them in fact were—they wouldn't seem odd at all.

Some of these gentlemen are on the Civilian Advisory Committee of the Army and Navy Munitions Board. Others have become special advisers to Secretary Morgenthau in the Treasury. Here are the names of, and a few facts about, some of them:

John M. Hancock of New York City. Mr. Hancock, as chairman of a committee of the New York Stock Exchange, has been trying to get the stock-exchange law amended. Mr. Justice Douglas, then chairman of the SEC, denounced his proposals as intended to strengthen the power of the insiders and weaken that of the public.

Walter Gifford, head of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, many of whose business practices were sharply criticized by the Federal Trade Commission as being not in the public interest.

John L. Pratt, former vice-president of General Motors, which is controlled by the duPonts, heavily interested in the past in the munitions business.

Earl T. Bailie, one of the most important members of the banking firm of J. and W. Seligman and Company. This is the firm which issued Peruvian bonds after being advised by its own expert that Peru couldn't pay. It gave the son of the president of that country about $415,000, for reasons that were never satisfactorily explained. These bonds have since sold for less than six cents on the dollar. Information available in Wall Street indicates that fourteen Seligman bond issues have been in partial or complete default.

Tom K. Smith, former president of the American Bankers' Association, widely known as an ultra-conservative financier.

W. R. Burgess, vice-president of the National City Bank. The history of that bank in wartime and post-wartime finance is too familiar to need repeating here.

Edward R. Stettinius Jr., chairman of the United States Steel Corporation.

Brigadier-General Robert E. Wood, president of Sears, Roebuck and Company.

There are also a few men who are not drawn from the field of industry: Karl T. Compton of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Harold G. Moulton of the Brookings Institution, Washington.

This group of men is on the whole strongly conservative in its views. It is also on the whole definitely anti-labor in its sympathies. If these individuals had their way, the National Labor Relations Act would be abolished or watered down; so would the wage-hour law; so would the statute requiring people with government contracts to live up to the NLRA.

How does it happen that men like this have suddenly come to Washington? And what is the significance of the statement by Stephen Early, the President's secretary, that the "brains trust" has been thrown out the window? If we were at war, it would be easier to understand the presence of big industrialists standing close to the President and advising him, since they know a good deal about the supply of munitions and kindred subjects. But we are not at war, and the President has said he hopes we shall not go in. Under these circumstances, it is no wonder that many loyal lieutenants of the New Deal are asking what in the world their chief is up to.

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The Neutrals

THE GREAT QUESTION MARKS in this war are the countries that are neutral now but might come in later on one side or the other.

At the top of this list is Italy, where Mussolini has thus far managed to conceal what he intends to do. The Germans insist that the Axis is as firm as ever; the Allies claim Italy is on the auction block. It is rumored that there is a difference of opinion between the French and British General Staffs. The French want to present Mussolini with a twenty-four-hour ultimatum demanding that he come in on one side or the other. If he chose the Allies, French troops would instantly cross the Po Valley and go up through the Brenner Pass into Austria. If he chose Germany, they would do the same, but expecting to meet some resistance. The British oppose this plan, and ask more time to win Mussolini over. The French object that the Brenner Pass will soon be blocked with snow. It may well be that the British fear the effect on world public opinion—which now means opinion in the United States—of walking through Italy as Germany walked through Belgium in 1914. The general impression seems to be that Mussolini is more valuable to Hitler if he stays technically neutral than if he comes into the war. For one thing, he can buy munitions in the United States to ship to his Axis partner in spite of the arms embargo. He would have to lie about the destination of the arms—but what are a few lies between one neutral and another?

Russia has mobilized a substantial force of men along her western frontier and various explanations are being offered. Moscow says the purpose is to disarm and intern the fleeing Polish troops if the German advance should force them across the frontier. Some people, hostile to the Russians, predict that they are about to enter the war on the side of Germany, or at least to march into Poland and seize territory if the alternative is to see the whole country come under German sway. We do not know which of these alternative answers is the correct one. In the absence of definite information to the contrary, we prefer to accept, for the present at least, the theory that Soviet Russia is guarding her own borders as any sensible nation would do with a war going on just a few miles away.

Spain is also a question mark. Here again, some people argue that Spanish neutrality was welcomed by the German General Staff on the ground that the Spaniards were exhausted by their civil war and would need more help than they are worth. Against this must be put the fact that Franco's regime was deeply disturbed by the new understanding between Germany and Russia; the faithful Spanish Catholics took the anti-Comintern pact more seriously than the cynical Germans. Here again, the Allies may have bigger bribes to offer than Germany can manage.

Four countries of great importance, especially in relation to each other, are Yugoslavia, Hungary, Rumania and Turkey. If Yugoslavia entered the war on the side of the Allies, she could afford them access to Germany's southern border, unless Italy was already fighting on the German side. Rumania would provide a gateway to Poland from the South. Turkey, which commands the Dardanelles, could shut that gate at any time. Hungary is of importance as the granary from which the Germans hope to obtain much of their wheat.

It is in the Far East that the situation is most obscure. Japan was stunned by the Russo-German understanding; her entire Cabinet had to resign and she announced a policy of isolation for herself. Here was, obviously, a chance for British diplomacy to go to work. Presumably Great Britain will try for a new alliance with Japan, part of the price of which might be an agreement to withdraw help from China and accept Japanese control of all or most of the territory she now holds. But Russia is also said to be offering an agreement to Japan, and it is possible that this is part of a Russo-German plan. If so, this offer, like England's, might include withdrawing support from China and accepting Japan's position in that country in exchange for a promise that she will keep out of Siberia.

It will probably be a long time before we know how these Eastern and Western countries will line up. Meanwhile we may be sure that the diplomats are working day and night, with taut nerves, in their white war of power politics which is sometimes so much more important than what happens on battlefields—and in this case helps to explain the slowness of the French in getting under way on the western front.

THE NEW REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

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The Basis of a Lasting Peace

THE WORLD CONFRONTS its new war benumbed. The former one swept over an unsuspecting population like a demoniacal outburst from hell, reversing the whole mood of liberal Victorian sweetness and light, piling new horror upon horror. Now all this has been anticipated by a weary period of tension; our nerves are already exhausted and do not twinge much any more. For a long time the flames have been licking at the fringes of Western civilization, giving advance samples of what they could do. This is merely the climax, coming almost as a relief. We say that it is a tragedy, but our pessimism has robbed war of its liveliest terror.

What really is unbearable about it is not so much the sufferings accompanying the dirty job as dread of the outcome. Sacrifice and cruelty are necessary, but to what purpose? Last time it was to be for the end of war itself and the creation of a better world. The result is what we see. There is a mood which observes with bitter and bored fascination the apparent self-repetition of history. We got rid of the Kaiser; we defeated militarism and autocracy; we upheld the sanctity of treaties; we proved that aggression does not pay. Now we have to deal with an autocratic ruler infinitely worse than the Kaiser, who has intensified the old spirit of militant nationalism, who tears up promises faster than the Kaiser ever made them, who has learned a dozen new methods of aggression.

Of course it is necessary that Hitler and his regime be defeated and expunged; there is no living with him for decent folk. That is the issue of the war as now defined by the statesmen of Britain, France and Poland, and as felt by their people. But what then? Will the world have a still grimmer enemy to face in another quarter-century? It has been truly said ever since 1919 that everybody, even the victor, loses a great war. It has also been said that another world war would mean the end of civilization. Even if this one does not, a cycle of great wars, interrupted only by preparations for them, would destroy the hope of mankind. Must we now sit back in fatalistic despair and watch the sands of our time run out?

There are, however, differences between this war and the last. For one thing, the nations are much better prepared to fight it. Little can happen that in general we do not expect; the armies and navies were ready in advance, down to the last detail. They learned their lesson from experience and will do a better job than they did before. There is no reason why the forces that make the future peace should not also be better prepared, wiser and stronger because of their very disillusionment. They know what to expect this time. The armies were all ready before war broke out. The peacemakers ought also to be ready before peace breaks out. If they are, there may be some hope for civilization after all.

To be ready, it is necessary to begin now, and to begin right here in the United States. We know that in the belligerent nations there is a strict censorship and a loss of civil liberties. There soon will follow a hardening of hatred against the enemy and a discouragement of everything except the will to win. That is not a favorable atmosphere for the discussion of peace terms. Indeed, the time is likely to come soon when speculation of this kind will be denounced and perhaps forbidden, on the ground that it aids the enemy. It was, last time. Even in this country the scope for such discussion may be narrowed. Another reason for promptness is that the task of finding a solution will be arduous and will demand the attention of able minds for a long period. Still another is that even if a good settlement can be defined, it will be difficult to obtain its acceptance by peoples habituated to war hatreds and slogans.

It will be objected that settling the affairs of Europe is not our business. We tried to do it before and got our fingers burned. Let them stew in their own juice. The New Republic has for years opposed our entrance into another war, and still does so. But none of the editors of this paper is an isolationist in the sense that he believes this nation is unconcerned about the occurrence of war or the kind of peace that follows it. Whether we like it or not, world events have thrust leadership of democratic thought into the hands of this country. What we do or refrain from doing, what we think and what we favor, may be decisive. If we stay out of the war, we shall certainly have the major role in making the peace, and we ought to be ready to exert the right kind of influence. If we are forced to the brink of war, we ought not to be shoved over the edge, but to go in, if at all, only on our own terms. And those terms ought to be more than stopping Hitler.

Woodrow Wilson's experience shows that efforts to dominate a peace conference, without prior explicit agreements and preparation of public opinion, are futile. For one thing, secret promises are made during the war to bring in new allies. Who knows what bribes are even now being offered to Italy, to Japan, to Turkey, to Rumania and the rest? For another thing, popular understanding in the victorious nations is not educated to support a decent peace; the jingoes can overthrow any statesman who is rash enough to propose it. In the United States, for instance, one can foresee exactly what will happen. The same interests that backed the Liberty League are now out for the abandonment of all neutrality legislation so that they can make unrestricted profits in selling to Europe. Their

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hatred of the New Deal will be a thousand times reinforced if it tries to interfere, as it must, with their war profits in selling to us at home. They will, when the critical moment comes, want us to participate in the war without conditions. And afterwards they will be for a Carthaginian peace followed by political isolation and an old-fashioned capitalist world.

The purpose of this article is to call for thought and research and public discussion on the problem of the next peace, not to write the terms. If what I have said is true, the writing of those terms will not be a happy inspiration; it can result only from plenty of hard work. But it is possible, at the very beginning, to give some direction to what ought to follow. I think all who have devoted any attention to the problem will agree, at least, on a few negative propositions.

There will be a strong effort in every country, and perhaps especially in France, to exact a punitive peace. The extremists wanted to wipe out Germany last time; they will say that our present trouble came because they did not do the job thoroughly. But any solution which depends on the personal-devil theory is futile. We must rather abolish the conditions which produce the devils and which enable them to seize power.

Likewise we must oppose the military attitude which will think of the settlement in strategic terms. It will want to protect the victors against future attack by strengthening frontiers, carving out new states with military resources, erecting a system of alliances. That is what the strategists did last time, and it was fatal.

As an aid to these two purposes, the former treaty-writers brought into their camp the powerful sentiment for national self-determination. The new national states which they set up strengthened a horde of hatreds and grievances. Hitler seized upon this kind of emotion to gain power at home, to create trouble abroad and to serve his aggressive purposes. The occasion of the present war itself is attack upon and defense of Versailles frontiers. But it is completely hopeless to attempt to draw national boundaries around every national minority. For one thing, each minority contains another one. If there are Germans in the Corridor, there are also Poles. It was impossible to give the Sudeten Germans back to Germany without destroying the security of Czecho-Slovakia. Europe is a crazy-quilt of peoples, and no possible arrangement of boundaries could avoid substantial injustice, if the peace is conceived as a task of defining frontiers in accordance with historic nationality. For another thing, no nation-state so defined is big enough to constitute a self-contained economic unit. Even pre-war Germany was not big enough. Italy certainly is not. Foreign-trade warfare, carried on by tariffs and special concessions and inspired by local loyalties, is fatal to the welfare of all concerned. Economic federation is essential, whatever is done about national cultures. The principal job of the new peace will be neither to restore nor to redraw boundaries, but to attend to those world problems that are more important than frontiers, no matter how few or how many colors may be painted on the map.

Are we agreed on these negatives? Then we may be prepared to go on to the more difficult, positive task. And here, disagreements will appear at once.

Many will favor an effort to revive the more liberal aspects of the last peace, without its destructive components. Their program will be headlined about as follows. Recreate the League of Nations. Approximate free trade by reciprocal or general trade treaties. Stabilize currencies and international exchange. Allow equality of access to colonial and other raw resources throughout the world, and permit free movement of capital and labor. In other words, go back to the agenda of the London Economic Conference, the guiding spirits of which aimed at realizing the international ideal of nineteenth-century laissez-faire. There is something to be said for this type of program, but it suffers the defect of all laissez-faire proposals—it is hopelessly utopian. The praiseworthy ends in view are bound to be obstructed and eventually destroyed by the very capitalistic interests to which laissez-faire itself allows scope.

Others will want a more integral solution, defined in political as well as in economic terms. They will propose a United States of Europe, to merge all troublesome national units in a huge federation. Some day this may happen, but scarcely as a result of terms at a peace conference. It could arise from a general European revolution, if that were inspired by a socialist and democratic internationalism. Or it could be the outcome of a long evolutionary process after the complete success of a conqueror and empire builder. It is a proposal worth serious discussion. Revolution after the next war is not at all out of the question; indeed, it is almost inevitable in the defeated nations, if the hostilities are not quickly ended. But the problems, both political and economic, that would exist anyway would still exist within a United States of Europe. To propose it is to propose a possible framework for a settlement, not the essence of it. To stop here is to try to solve a problem by inventing a new name.

What seems to me to be required most of all is a continuance of the sort of thing we should have had to try to do if there had been no war at all, and if there had been no Hitler and no Mussolini to block any peaceful settlement. It will be a development of economic planning, first on a national, then on an international basis. Under the old conditions it would have been necessary to wait much longer for the growth of national planning before international planning could be attempted on a large scale. But war will leave the nations with its own kind of planning agencies and with full economic controls. The first thing to do will

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be to know how to adapt these to peace objectives and methods, and to make the transition smoothly. On this basis we could erect a planned international program. Indeed, it would be necessary to do so in order to effectuate the several national purposes.

What would such a program be like? That is for long and intensive study to show. But we can say a few things about it in advance. It would aim at raising standards of living all over the world. It would first have to find jobs for all the demobilized soldiers and employees of war industries. It would plan a huge program of useful public works on an international scale, to repair the damages of war. It would tabulate the demands of each nation or administrative region for imports and exports, and see how and whether they could be fitted together. It would have plans for agricultural readjustment, for better methods and less waste everywhere. The one thing it would positively exclude would be a return to the old nationalistic, imperialistic, business chaos, out of whose stresses and strains grew the conditions leading to Hitler and the second world war.

It remains to elaborate such a program, to obtain an understanding of it, to dramatize it and show people why they should want it. In fact, a task greater than winning the war itself. We won't know whether such a task can be done. But it is something to be risked, for victory in it would be a real victory. It would be winning the peace.

GEORGE SOULE

What's Being Done About the Joads?

A FEW MONTHS AGO the world was startled by John Steinbeck's "The Grapes of Wrath." Not only was it an outstanding American novel, but it revealed almost unbelievable conditions among California's thousands of migratory agricultural workers. The question ran around the world, "Is it true?" Despite efforts of Chambers of Commerce and other conservative groups in California, people speedily learned that it was true. The present writer has told the background story in a recent book, "Factories in the Fields." The urgent question now is, What is being done about it?

Migratory labor is not a new problem in California. The essential elements of the problem, in fact, have existed since about 1880. The first official recognition that an acute situation had developed, however, may be said to date from 1913, when Hiram Johnson, in response to a resolution of the State Federation of Labor, sponsored the act creating the Commission of Immigration and Housing, an agency primarily designed to cope with the many-sided aspects of the problem of migratory labor. In the years from 1913 to 1923, the Commission did a fine piece of work and succeeded in bringing about a large measure of improvement in camp conditions. In the years subsequent to 1923, however, the Commission has been pretty thoroughly sabotaged through lack of sufficient appropriations to carry on its work. The problem, moreover, has become so acute since 1933 (some 221,000 dust-bowl refugees entered the state between 1933 and 1937), that the old approach to it, namely, through labor-camp inspection, has to a large degree become obsolete. In 1913, when the Commission was created, the great majority of migratory workers in California were alien immigrants; this, of course, is no longer true. Today, with four inspectors for the entire state, the Division of Immigration and Housing is attempting to police some 5,000 labor camps with a resident camp population, in 1938, in excess of 150,000 people.

Governor Culbert L. Olson has long been interested in the plight of the migratory workers. He recognizes that they represent the most acute social problem confronting his administration and he is determined to eliminate "industrial peonage" in California.

Immediately on taking office, the Governor submitted to the legislature the most important program of social legislation ever presented to a legislature in the history of California. After forty years of continuous Republican administration with but one progressive interlude (the administration of Hiram Johnson), there was ample occasion for reform. Included in Governor Olson's legislative program were many measures concerned with migratory labor: to authorize the construction by the state of some thirty labor camps; to regulate labor contractors; to create a fair-wage-standard board for agricultural labor; to require the registration of labor camps and to tighten the regulations under which they may be operated, and many other measures of equal importance. All of these bills, with the exception of the one regulating labor contractors, went down to defeat. But the Governor intends to carry the issue to the people of the state and, at the next session, to press for his entire program.

The new administration in California, unlike previous regimes, is thoroughly in accord with the New Deal. Every effort has been made to coördinate state and federal activities and to support such progressive federal agencies as the Farm Security Administration. The FSA, of course, maintains some nine migratory labor camps in the state, camps which were constructed in the teeth of bitter opposition by the former Merriam administration. The new administration heartily approves of the FSA program and has recommended its expansion. The state now holds up

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the FSA camps as yardsticks of what can and should be accomplished. For the first time this year the FSA has experimented, and successfully, with the "mobile" camp. One complete mobile-camp unit, under the supervision of Tom Collins (to whom Steinbeck dedicated "The Grapes of Wrath"), has been equipped and is in the field at the present time. The State Department of Public Health, following the lead of the FSA, has four mobile health units in the field this year.

One of the Governor's first acts was to call a statewide conference of all state and federal agencies in any manner concerned with migratory labor. At this conference a long and detailed report on migratory labor was prepared which has now been submitted to the Governor and which, so far as possible, will be put into effect at once. A permanent state coördinating committee has been established for the purpose of working with the federal committee which President Roosevelt, at the request of the California delegation in Congress, created to deal with the migrant problem. The policy of coördinating all the social-service agencies behind a definite program has already had the effect of extending the protection of the state against some of the worst abuses of the vicious system of agricultural labor employment which has long prevailed in California.

Under previous administrations the relief set-up in California has been used in a manner designed to depress the wages of agricultural workers and to subsidize agriculture. Uniformly the practice has been to force workers off relief whenever work has been available in the fields, regardless of what rates were offered. Knowing that they had this pool of relief labor to draw upon, the growers have, of course, generally paid an hourly rate just slightly in excess of the relief budget. In certain instances the relief administration has made a direct subsidy to California agriculture by paying the difference between the going rate, where it did not afford a living wage, and the relief budget.

This year, in the midst of the hectic legislative session, Governor Olson authorized the Division of Immigration and Housing to hold a wage-rate hearing in Madera County, and, in company with two commissioners, I held it May 9. The growers were offering 20 cents an hour for cotton chopping and asking the worker to pay their own transportation expense. This rate had been previously fixed by the growers in a meeting attended by some three hundred farmers in Fresno. No element of collective bargaining had, of course, entered into the determination of the hourly wage rate, and spokesmen for the grower interests testified at the hearing that the purpose of the meeting had been to prevent competition among growers for labor. We made a recommendation of 27½ cents an hour (low enough, heaven knows) which was accepted by the workers as a fair rate, and the State Relief Administration then refused to cut workers off relief unless this amount was offered. Where workers are unorganized and where they are as completely under the thumb of their employers as they are in California agriculture, hearings of this kind are essential if actual peonage is to be averted. Others will doubtless be held this fall in cotton, grapes and one or two other crops.

Governor Olson, however, is not only concerned with improving the functions of the social-service agencies concerned with migratory labor, but is committed to the idea of working out a long-range program looking toward the solution of the problem itself. One of his first official acts was to create a Commission on Reëmployment to study the whole problem of relief. The work of this commission has a direct bearing on migratory labor, since the bulk of agricultural labor in the state is on relief for part of the year. Under the able chairmanship of Mr. John R. Richards of Los Angeles, it has prepared a report intended for wide public distribution, including a series of important recommendations concerning migratory labor. It is proposed to divide the state into six zones according to the areas where the bulk of migratory labor is employed.

The report then recommends that the Commission of Immigration and Housing be constituted as the State Housing Authority. Within the six zones established the Authority will spot the areas where the housing problem is most acute and where the demand for seasonal agricultural labor is greatest. It is proposed that the Authority, by qualifying for loans under the United States Housing Authority, shall construct 6,000 units of family housing, with an area for farming operations adjacent. As the average size of the migrant family is approximately four persons, these projects would provide housing facilities for, in round numbers, 25,000 people. The farming operation of the projects will be upon a coöperative basis under the direction and supervision of the FSA and will be concerned with the production of consumable commodities such as milk, eggs and vegetables, for consumption solely by occupants of the projects. The construction of these projects will involve, of course, the elimination of an equivalent number of slum units.

One of the most important discoveries which the FSA has made is that the moment a migrant family can be taken "off wheels" its annual income is increased approximately 20 percent. These families, in the words of an FSA official, are "too poor to economize"; they spend a disproportionate amount of their income for gasoline and they are unable, since they are forever on the march, to can fruits and vegetables or to practise any of the ordinary economies of a settled farm family. Enough workers will always be in the projects to take care of the coöperative farming program and the women and children will, of course, reside in the projects and no longer follow the crops. The plan, which will involve an expenditure of approximately fifteen

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million dollars, has been approved in outline by the FSA and the USHA. A long-range public-works program for January, February and March, when there is little work in the fields, is an added feature of it.

The Commission will also make recommendations on repatriating a large number of Mexican families. In general, of course, the Mexicans have been displaced in field labor in California by the dust-bowl migrants, with the result that about 65 percent of the Mexicans in the state are on relief for a considerable portion of the year. The Governor's representatives have conferred with President Cárdenas on the problem and the Mexican government has agreed to submit a detailed plan for the repatriation, on a purely voluntary basis, of a large number of Mexican families. The Richards Commission report, I understand, will recommend that the state of California share in the expense of repatriation, that is, that the state will pay the transportation expense and will also make a contribution to each family repatriated of the equivalent, say, of a six months' or a year's relief budget.

Whether the new administration will be able to carry through its ambitious program with respect to migratory labor depends, of course, upon the general political situation. The balance of forces within the state is such at the present time that the Olson administration is in a rather precarious situation. Every effort is being made by the reactionaries to stymie the Governor, to tie his hands, to harass him from all sides. The 1940 election is also looming large upon the horizon in California and its outcome will have an important bearing on the question of whether the Governor will be able to win control of the state legislature, for which, incidentally, he would like to substitute a unicameral body. But Governor Olson has given California a taste of progressive administration and I doubt that the state will swing away from the present trend. About all that can be said at present is that we have a real fight on our hands and that the lines are being drawn sharper every day.

CAREY MCWILLIAMS

Behind the German Lines

WITH THE BEGINNING OF WAR, deep silence fell over Germany. Her own censorship clamped down even more tightly than before and is supplemented by those of London and Paris. It will be long before we find out what is happening there at present. We do, however, have some significant illumination on conditions as they were just before the war began.

On January 1, 1939, the Nazi government introduced a new labor law which provided the ten and twelve-hour day for vital industries. In Germany "vital" means everything connected with armaments. The Nazis used the slogan of "rationalization" to cover up this increased exploitation of the people; and Dr. Ley, leader of the Deutsche Arbeitsfront (labor-front organization), gave a hopeful speech saying that this would double the productivity of labor.

Two things happened. First, the German people, ill fed, ill clothed, tired out, cracked under the strain. Second and more important, they began to resist. Similar things had happened during 1938, as an editorial in the official Deutsche Volkswirt (April 28, 1939) points out. The editorial says that overwork and bad nourishment had brought about a loss of 200,000,000 workdays through illness during 1938. Sixty percent of this loss (or 120,000,000 workdays) was due to gastro-intestinal disorders indicating malnutrition.

On January 28, therefore, the army, which is mostly interested in smooth and quick armament work, registered its doubts about the value of the new labor law. Major General Thomas, head of the Department of Defense Economy in the Ministry of War, spoke before the participants of the sixth educational course of the Commission for Economic Policy of the National Socialist Party. Major General Thomas is the German Army's expert in the economic field, and one of the men in Germany who influence and shape many of her economic measures.

According to the report of the Deutsches Nachrichtenbüro the Major General said: "It is clear that the speed of work demanded by the Führer has been the basis for the political successes of the year 1938. But a machine cannot run at its highest speed for several years without suffering damage." The report continues: "Following these words Major General Thomas uttered the opinion that a sixty-hour work week must lead in the long run to a decrease in productivity."

This speech came barely four weeks after the labor law had been decreed. The practice of increasing weekly work hours, however, had been employed by German heavy industry ever since 1937.

The Major General based his opposition on considerable experience. He was guilty of high treason, according to the principles of Nazi justice, but strangely enough, was neither arrested nor demoted.

In the meantime an increasingly active opposition on the part of the German workers had made itself felt; the political "successes" (the rape of Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Memel, etc.) had taught the people that the more the Nazis expanded, the greater the sacrifices that would be demanded of them.

It was not merely the physical breakdown of the "machine" that Major General Thomas referred to. His colleague, General Metzsch, had published a book

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in which he dealt skeptically with the psychological possibilities of the German people should they be exposed to increased strain—such as has now come in the form of war. The army as well as the Gestapo knows too well of the undercurrent of discontent.

Resistance at first took a seemingly harmless form. In Berlin factories workers would leave their workbenches about four o'clock in the afternoon "to take tea." After that, little work was done: workers ambled around and foremen got frantic. If the police were called, what could they do?

The Nazi papers complained bitterly. Dr. Ley's campaign against the consumption of tobacco and alcohol had part of its basis in the fact that the workers went to the toilets and smoked—since it is forbidden to smoke while working. The Nazi press accusingly asked the "laboring comrades" whether they realized how much one such cigarette cost the nation.

This, however, was only the most harmless form of resistance. Sabotage was familiar in the big German factories. Bürckel, Governor of Vienna, was forced to send military forces into the industrial plants of the famous suburb of Floridsdorf (where the workers, in 1934, held out longest against the troops of Chancellor Dollfuss). The Mauser Armament Works in Berlin were forced to return to the eight-hour schedule a few weeks after the management had increased the work day to ten hours.

In the Burbach Mines of the Saar region, twelve workers were killed by military and SS forces because they revolted against being overworked. Leaflets and slogans appeared everywhere. Foreign news, transmitted by the Strasbourg, Paris, London and Moscow stations, and German news, transmitted by the underground "Freiheitssender," were converted into the Flüsterzeitung (whispering newspaper).

The workers of the Vienna Elektrizitätswerke (power plant) recently struck for two hours. The Nazi press dared not inform the public of this interesting news; the papers announced a "short circuit."

When the workers of a state-owned airplane factory in western Germany that employs mostly SA and SS men stormed the office of the management to press their demands, the commander of a special Gestapo detail addressed the men. "You really all should be put into a concentration camp," he said. But he did nothing. Germany's concentration camps were crowded and the men were needed to produce armaments.

Now the war has come, and the position of the workers is of course greatly changed. Acts which could be tolerated in peacetime even in brutalized Germany become treason in war and may result in the death penalty. The important fact is that even before the strain had reached its present maximum, thousands of persons found it unendurable. What do they feel today?

STEFAN HEYM

Stalin's Ultimate Aims

Up to now, Hitler has been the most spectacular gambler on the diplomatic chessboard. It was he who caused the rain to fall or the sun to shine. He was able to mystify his enemies and betray his friends, and calling his relations with them "alliances," he subjugated Rome, Madrid, Tokyo, Budapest and Sofia. In a word, he was the only man of action in all Europe.

Now that he has allied himself with Stalin, however, and even though he may think that he is the master of the world, he has met his match. Sooner or later Stalin will win out, and in turn betray him. There is no possible doubt that the real enemy of Russia whether Tsarist or Bolshevik, is Greater Germany.

In order to achieve what he thinks is a masterstroke, Hitler betrayed the ideologies in whose name he clamored for the expansion of the Reich. What has become of "racism" and "anti-communism"? It has become apparent that these ideologies were no more than political or diplomatic tactics. On the other hand, communism has, whether we agree with its principles or not, proved its weight.

In Moscow, for months the postman has had to ring twice at the door of the building which houses the offices of Communist activities abroad. And, stupidly enough, foreign diplomats in Moscow deduced—and cabled their respective governments—that the Kremlin had abandoned the ideal of universal communism in favor of Russian nationalism. The Russo-German pact, which is only an expediency, proves that Stalin is still tenaciously pursuing his course, perhaps not of making communism universal, but at any rate of establishing himself in a position to arbitrate when what Hitler calls the "new order" comes into the world. Moreover, by taking this step, Stalin succeeded in ending an anti-communist doctrine that was always a source of danger for Russia.

After Munich, certain French newspapers expressed regret that France should join forces with Russia to fight Hitler, while at the same time promising themselves that once the danger was ended they would unite with the enemy and destroy Muscovite communism. Stalin was right in fearing that at the end of the war, or even during it, friend and foe might combine against the Kremlin. Ribbentrop's visit put an end to that possibility. In all countries of the world communism was on the wane, or at any rate it had been so distorted that its doctrines had lost their force. In

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Paris, for instance, Communists attended the most fashionable luncheons and the biggest receptions. And through the influence of M. Litvinov and his policy of "indivisible peace" and collective security, all the Communists in the world, confronted by the Hitlerian menace, became not only patriotic but conservative in their internal policies.

Ever since last March, which marked the beginning of the coalition against him, Hitler has seen the realization of his projects as outlined in "Mein Kampf" jeopardized by the risk of a war with the democracies (which he is sure to lose) and by the impossibility of separating Poland from her democratic allies.

The pact with Russia almost enabled the Führer to attain his dream of European hegemony, since it put England and France at a disadvantage in fighting to protect Poland, knowing that even if they were successful they would be obliged to defend their own capitals six months later. There is little doubt that the aim of the Kremlin was to precipitate all the capitalistic countries into war—and watch from the sidelines.

Despite popular belief, Russia has only promised to remain neutral during the "first months of the war." Consequently the pact gives her wide powers of arbitration, especially since she can favor the victory of either side. In Paris, Polish authorities are convinced that if Russia furnishes raw materials to Germany, she will also supply Poland with machine guns and airplanes. European diplomats are fairly certain that Stalin has no particular desire to further a German victory, even though he were offered half of Poland. For after all, his one real enemy in Europe is Hitler.

Chamberlain and Daladier realize that what Stalin wants, once peace has been declared, is to be at the head of a country in full possession of all its resources and with a treasury filled with gold. Stalin believes that when that day arrives, he will be able to dictate his own terms, and force communism upon the entire world.

Obviously Stalin is not so spectacular as Hitler, and we must wait some time for the big dramatics. But at the present we are witnessing what Hitler and Mussolini call in their newspapers, "the fusion of Nazi, Fascist and Communist ideologies," which seems likely to continue for some time. On August 26, for instance, the Popolo d'Italia wrote, "These ideologies have this in common, that they are opposed to bourgeois principles, plutocracy and democracy."

As Pierre-Etienne Flandin confided on August 25 to a member of Prime Minister Daladier's Cabinet, "From now on one can count on the unity of the totalitarian countries. That simplifies things considerably, because the democracies know what they have to face, and so can get together to fight for their existence. The struggle is between liberty and domination."

M. Flandin is partially right; but it is doubtful if Stalin will carry through to the end, for in that case he would be helping a Germany that would encroach on his own frontiers. So he has incited his greatest enemy, Hitler, to a war in which the democracies will exhaust him to such a point that it will be easy to step in at the last moment and finish him off. Many German officers have no illusions about the future betrayal.

On August 24 Hitler had Goebbels study the reactions of German officers towards the Russian pact, and issued an order forbidding all conversations relating to the political conversion of the Third Reich, unless one of the Führer's delegates was present and the discussion took place in an official reunion. The German officers, notably those of the High Command that Goering had sent to Spain (such as von Gronau) openly criticized the Führer for having inaugurated "very doubtful" new military measures. In their opinion the Reich ran the risk of losing her recent alliances and finding herself isolated, face to face with Stalin. They added that Hitler's decision would precipitate a world war, and they were not sure how Russia would act once it had started. Their words made an impression, and as a result Hitler phoned Mussolini, asking him to deliver an ultimatum to Franco to pledge his fidelity by ceding the Balearic Islands to the Axis, with the threat that if he refused there would possibly be a frightful attack on Majorca and Minorca. General Gambara, Mussolini's military plenipotentiary to Spain, told Goering that in his opinion Franco was so indignant over the alliance of communism and anti-communism that he was thinking of turning toward the democracies. In addition, Japan has not ceased her protests, and a new alliance with England is quite possible; already the blockade of Hongkong is a thing of the past. And as for Hungary, Yugoslavia and Bulgaria, they are all struggling to free themselves from the Hitlerian yoke.

It is probable that after struggles without precedent, which will cost the democracies the flower of their youth, Hitler will fall more and more into Stalin's hands; and he will be treated as Hitler now treats Mussolini. And Stalin will break him in order to assure the material security of the Soviet Union and the propagation of his own ideas.

In France, some people think that in the end it will be with Stalin that the democracies will have to deal, especially at a conference table. They will then be obliged to find some sort of peace for a world weary of the war caused by the material ambitions of Hitler and the dogmatic will of Stalin.

In Paris, a few people preserve their sense of humor despite the tragic days we are living through. On August 26 one of them said, "This time, Mussolini is avenged; it is now Hitler's turn to play second fiddle."

Paris (by air mail) GENEVIEVE TABOUIS

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London "Takes It"

THE SESSION of the House of Commons which I attended on September 2 was a long visit to England in an hour when doubt, tension and exasperation had for once corroded away the masks of British reticence. The Premier was not there at the beginning; the other Ministers (except Halifax of the Lords) came and went from the front bench, dividing their time between the dispatch of laws and hurried calls on Downing Street. Procedures which ordinarily take months were telescoped into minutes: conscription, defense, even pension laws for air-raid victims, were read, discussed, reread, finally passed with an intensity not traditionally British. No war had been declared; yet this was war legislation covering with more efficiency in a day what the August, 1914, Parliament did not put through in two years. The mood was emotional, with good humor, even schoolboy humor, providing the clue for those who know the British.

When the Attorney General or War Minister literally *walked out* of the House, bill in hand, in order to bring it back for the second reading, the M.P.'s counted his steps, cheered his retreat and advance as at a soccer game. When the functionaries lifted the Mitre of Power from the table and the bewigged Speaker descended from the throne to indicate the House's passage from session to committee, the Members got up from their uncomfortable leather seats and stretched, as at Lord's. And, with a dramatic selectiveness not usual in modern Britain, the discussions were representative. The silence of the Conservative ranks symbolized their solid stand behind the Ministers. Only Lady Astor had to carry out her role of clown by questioning if the "he" of a new bill "embraced any possible she." The House roared. Nancy Astor is a faded, pretty woman with a thin mouth and shallow china-blue eyes. She flitted about as if the House, and indeed the Nation, were an adjunct of Cliveden.

Neville Chamberlain came in; a weak cheer, and he got up, fingering his paper. His reedy, faintly quavering voice explained that there had been no reply to Britain's *démarche* for the withdrawal of troops from Poland, and no war declared. Possibly the men of Wilhelmstrasse were studying the Duce's proposal of a conference. It was difficult to synchronize action with the French. . . . Arthur Greenwood, acting Labor leader, rose to cries from the Conservatives: "Speak for Britain!" The suspense, which he said must not last, made his words dry: the treaty with Poland should have been in effect when the Germans first attacked: Britain's very foundation of honor. . . . Sir Archibald Sinclair, Liberal leader, was moved to incoherence. He could not form his sentences, which the House patiently deciphered. Britain must not again betray . . . Britain must act now or never again. . . .

Sir John Wardlaw Milne, a docile Tory, rose to his moment of fame. While Chamberlain peered back at him over his shoulder like a guilty boy before a just reprimand, Sir John reminded him that, whereas it might indeed be well to synchronize action with France, the treaty in question was between Poland and Britain. Nor had he noticed that the Duce's "peace" proposal had slowed up the assaults of Hitler's armies. It was a remarkable moment, this attack from the Tory ranks. The House rose in a single great "Hear!" Chamberlain, rising to reply, appeared what he is: a thin and weak old man, undisturbed by cerebration beyond the mechanisms of shrewdness that now, by some horror, were no longer working. Indeed he had wanted and worked for peace: the only kind he knew —the kind presided over in his Birmingham by his own class. The next day, he was to say in all sincerity: "All I lived for has crashed in ruins." Now, he was actually pleading. His weakness said: "This delay is not weakness." His inveterate bad faith implored: "Tomorrow at noon, you shall have the final word; I say this in all good faith," and he meant it; and he knew what the word must be. And the House for the moment felt sorrier for him, the old man, than for England.

Maxton, the pure dream-eyed ILP idealist who represents the shipyard men of the Clyde, got up to defend the "master." Let Mr. Chamberlain not be hurried. "A war begun and yet postponed would be a great victory for mankind; a turning point in history. As to the 'honor' which so concerns the Honorable Leader of the Opposition, little honor will the millions of workers get from any war, who bear its ultimate burdens." . . . I had heard on the radio, a few hours before, Hitler's address to his Reichstag: a new high of hysteria and insane falsehood taking the form now nakedly of self-adoration and world distortion, while the obscene members (I could picture them standing, hands outstretched) screamed Heil! Against that spectacle of regimented vileness, these doubts, these confusions, even these Neville Chamberlains of the House, were almost glorious—being human.

In the tube stations, the mothers were taking leave of their children. Those that had a penny bought chocolate for their beloved ones; all brought tears. As I saw in their eyes the thought: "In these crowds, who will touch the tender sensitive need of my child!" I had tears in my own eyes. But the kids for the most part loved the holiday. And the English workingwomen, lush-bodied, with pain-bitten mouths, smiled through. "Well, our Annie and our Robbie 'ull be

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'avin' a tyste o' the country—who knaows? mybe the seashore."

By September 1, the whole town was taking it: the gradual process since Munich panicked England was ripe. That night, while dusk fell, the balloons went up for the first time, merging with gray, broken clouds as the huge city sank into darkness. It was difficult to find a pub, lamps out, windows blacked; inside, in the steamy closeness the folk discussed quietly last night's thunderstorm and the new football season: only a few spoke of the storm upon them, and these in personal terms of John and Bill. The tubes ran, with a good many stations out of use while in reconstruction for shelters. But everything went smoothly—even the inevitable errors. A young man next to me with a kit told me he was a barrister on his way to join the air force. They'd sent him to the wrong place. "I've already wasted the government a bob and a half." "What do you think of it all?" I asked. His sensitive face broke into a grimace of disgust, and then resolved into an amused acceptance. That was his answer.

I groped my way to King's Cross. In the thick night of blacked-out buildings the enormous buses with lights like elephant eyes and the deliberate taxis wove, as by English instinct, among camions and trucks whose loads of soldiers sitting on their kits stirred as one darkness in another. In the station, as dark as a few kerosene lamps might have made it, the boys were with their women. The silence was more amazing than the dark and the utter order. English intuition, one felt, had got rid of the blinding electric lights. On the platforms stood the long trains with blue single lamps ghostly at each end. The boys embraced their mothers and their girls, and vanished into the darkness.

In 1914, the crowds marched cheering from Trafalgar Square to Piccadilly. This war has come in silent and sober. But the certainty of it came to me in a way almost insanely grotesque. "A good sign" I said to myself on August 31, when I saw in the press the announcement of a Munich broadcast of "The Merry Widow." I listened in. Across the middle of the famous waltz cut "Achtung!" and against the soft sentimental music I heard Hitler's fake "proposal" to Poland and its withdrawal before it had been received. Now, twenty-four hours later, the war was on; and in the black night of King's Cross the soldiers and sailors —hundreds, perhaps thousands—say farewell to their not merry widows.

On the last day of peace The Daily Worker issued a set of safeguard demands, lest this war prove as vain as the last: removal of the "men of Munich," no secret pacts, no dealing with Fascist powers, no profiteering, nationalization of arms works, of parks, idle lands, the immediate construction of deep bomb-shelters. And on that last day Sir Oswald Mosley—the brutal British Fascist whose baronetcy is rich in Manchester real estate and whose wife was a Guinness, harangued his little boys in Upper St. Martin's Lane against fighting for "the Jews and the greasy Polacks." "Why the heck fight for Beck?" they shouted. Mosley, of course, will at once change his line, now war is here. Perhaps the Communists are safer than in France: there are fewer of them.

As I returned home tonight from the Heath where in a cloudless sky the hundreds of captive balloons wove their gray garland over London, I passed a little Quaker chapel. In the garden at a table sat a young man; his dark, beautiful face was turned toward his companion whose bowed face I could not see, for she had covered it with her hands. English women are not supposed to weep in public.

And the night fell on lightless London. This is War's symbol: lights out, lights dimmed. (When will they return in Europe?) And the terror and pity of it is that—given the irrevocable past of stupidity and cowardice and bad faith—this darkness of war is the one way left toward a possible light: the one practicable escape from the more hideous alternative of Nazi "peace."

London (by air mail) WALDO FRANK

Japan: Disillusioned Neutral

JAPAN'S NEUTRALITY in the European war is not of the fence-sitting kind. It is an attitude rather than a policy, and it is based on emotional rather than on political reasons. The immediate cause for the Tokyo government's careful statement that "Japan does not intend to be involved" was Germany's unexpected betrayal of her anti-Comintern partner shortly before the outbreak of the war.

To understand the terrific impact of the Nazi-Soviet non-aggression treaty upon the Japanese mind one has to remember that German-Japanese friendship had become the foundation of Japanese policies—both domestic and foreign. This does not mean that the signing of the Anti-Comintern Pact in November, 1936, had pleased the Japanese public. It had come as a surprise and it was not at all palatable: Nazi Germany, her racial theories, her political gospel, were not popular with the Japanese man in the street. But the Japanese generals who had engineered the pact knew what they were doing.

It was the time when plans for the conquest of northern China were mapped in the Japanese War Office. The pact with Germany was considered a necessary prerequisite: it was the only means of forestalling Russian intervention. The army signed the agreement over the heads of moderate elements in the Foreign Office and in the commercial houses of Osaka and Tokyo. The army assumed full responsibility.

In the thirty-three months that followed, the generals could tell the people that they had been on the

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right track. As Japanese divisions were pushing deeper into China, as the rest of the world grew apprehensive of Japanese brutalities perpetrated against Chinese and foreigners alike, the ruling military clique could point with pride to that solid link with Germany. Russia had not dared to intervene; Britain and France looked on in silence when Japanese detachments moved close to their possessions along the coast line of the China Seas.

And the Japanese people, fearful of complete isolation, began to look upon their mighty ally with pride and confidence. Pictures of Chancellor Hitler appeared in the windows of shops along Ginza Street. The swastika was on display in restaurants and department stores, along with the banner of the Rising Sun. "German without Tears" was in demand in Japanese book stores.

Germany's sudden turn toward Soviet Russia hit the city of Tokyo like a bombshell. It came as a shock which outsiders were hardly able to understand. For it was more than the political about-face of another anti-Comintern power. It was the cold betrayal of the only Western nation which seemed to feel the way the Japanese felt, which seemed to appreciate the troubles and predicaments of Japan. To the Japanese people, the friendship with Germany had never been a political factor; it had become an emotional asset of first-rate importance. The shock, consequently, was emotional.

The text of the Berlin-Moscow pact left no doubt about the cynical way in which Germany had let down her Japanese friends: it contained a consultation clause which automatically canceled the consultation clause of the anti-Comintern treaty. Berlin was going to consult with Moscow regarding things Japanese, could no longer consult with Tokyo regarding Moscow's subversive activities.

Japan's generals understood. The fathers of the treaty with Germany were the first to denounce Hitler's betrayal. It was a clever move; but it did not save the Japanese army from losing face. Its prestige was badly damaged. The ruling military clique, with its fascist leanings, its totalitarian philosophy, had to walk off the stage—according to the Samurai code of honor, which now permits retirement in lieu of the once obligatory harakiri.

So sudden and so vehement was the plunge that the entire Cabinet, in which the army held more than 50 percent of the common stock, had to disappear. Among the outgoing men, War Minister Itagaki was the most important. As a political exponent of the Kwantung Army, the most radical wing of the services, he had stood for fascism in Japan. His forceful figure dominated the Cabinet. Among those who have come in, no forceful figures can be discovered. Most of them are embarrassed newcomers to the political scene, or equally embarrassed old-timers whose names had been forgotten. An ideal setup for a period of cautious reorientation.

Bitterly disappointed in her anti-Comintern venture, Japan embarks upon a policy of "splendid" isolation. Just how splendid this isolation will be remains to be seen. There is no getting around the fact that Japan is fighting a war at present; and an alignment of the Chinese government with the European democracies would automatically involve Japan in the world war. The other unknown factor upon which the future policy of Japan hinges is the attitude of the Soviet government. But if both Russia and Japan are sincere in their desire to keep aloof from the affairs of Europe, there is no reason why the vest-pocket war, which has kept Russian and Japanese units busy in the remote grass steppes of Mongolia, could not be ended by a vest-pocket peace.

Japan's new government faces this twofold task: to settle the dispute with Russia; and to liquidate the "China Incident." As for the latter problem, Japan clearly benefits from Britain's involvement in the European turmoil: British support for Chiang Kai-shek will hardly continue. There will be an opportunity to abstain from further penetration into the rugged interior of the continent of Asia, to consolidate the military gains and to arrange for a face-saving compromise which might be labeled "peace."

There is little doubt that the forces ruling Japan at present desire peace. Previous Cabinets which were nothing but army marionettes were unable to end the China War: an army, especially a Japanese army, must not retreat. But as a result of the German betrayal and the army's retirement from the political scene, Japan's moderates have taken a new lease on life. The old forces which were subdued by khaki dictatorship have come to the fore again. And these forces, heterogeneous as they might be (the business firms of Osaka, the civil servants and white-collar men, the navy, the bourgeois parties) are more interested in commercial expansion than in bigger and better victories along the upper Yangtze.

Already, German faces have been slapped by Japanese soldiers. Already, Japanese detachments have withdrawn from the border of British Hongkong. Already, Japan's military mission now in Italy has been stripped of government support. Whether these signs indicate a fundamental change of Japanese policies with regard to Western interests in China is doubtful. The idea that only the elimination of the white element can make the China campaign pay is widespread among all Japanese factions, regardless of their political convictions. But it is safe to assume that the anti-Western crusade will be toned down. Japan cannot afford to "handle" the Soviet Union, Britain, France, the United States and China—all at the same time. There will be a breathing spell, and this breathing spell may be used by the democracies to keep Japan from ever flirting again with the enemies of Western civilization.

ERNEST O. HAUSER

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Shoot the Works

Not All the Leopards

MANY THINGS undoubtedly have been changed by the pact between Russia and the Reich. The whole course of world history may be affected. Hitler and Stalin may fight over the remains of Europe or divide it up in friendly fashion. There could be a common ideology between the dictators, although it is an exaggeration to say that already the difference exists in catchwords alone.

The chances of change both in physical fact and in world philosophy as well are profound. But I think it is unwise to be too cocksure about the result of Stalin's strategy, or lack of it, until there has been time for digestion. And though the current of history seems to have shifted for the worse, in my estimation, there remain in America some not very good eddies which retain their original character.

I am a little startled to find that Westbrook Pegler is under the impression that he had some sort of beat upon the matter. From his present chortling, one might think that he was the one to deliver Lepke to the G-men. I think it will be premature if the public follows his coy suggestion and immediately awards a halo to him. There are still some marked differences between the author of "Fair Enough" and the Little Flower.

Nor do I understand at all by what process Stalin's diplomacy has suddenly justified the assertion of Ben Stolberg that he, Benjamin, is a friend of labor. To my mind Fish remains Ham and John Nance Garner is still an old man with one foot in Uvalde.

Most curious of all is the drive of the celebrants who insist that now is the time to smash labor unions in America. There are those who set up finks and strikebreakers as brave men whose whole motivation was to thwart the move for appeasement between Berlin and Moscow.

I see things from precisely the opposite angle. Those who feel that fascism has been strengthened by Soviet action should fight all the harder for the maintenance and extension of democracy in America. Surely no logical answer will be made to the Russian action by those who insist that there should now be a non-aggression pact, if not a military alliance, between liberals and Herbert Hoover. Nothing has happened that in any way touches the gospel of trade unionism and the case for the New Deal is strengthened rather than weakened because it will be even sillier now than it was before to shout that Roosevelt is the conscious or unconscious agent of communism.

Leaders of the left wing have laid themselves open to criticism because of the futility of the explanatory matter which they have put forth in regard to the pact. It is possible that a case can be made for Russia's choice of partners, but surely no coherent one is being set forth.

For all that, American Communists should not be denied the credit which is due to them for the effective work which they did in the case of Mooney, the Scottsboro defendants and in many other instances of legal injustice. And again I think that even the sharpest critic in the liberal and progressive ranks ought to admit that American Communists have done much to wake the public conscience to the facts of unemployment, the plight of sharecroppers and other defects in the functioning of our democracy.

No one need blush or apologize if he has willingly and eagerly been on the same side as radicals in causes which were just. Some absurd formulas might be drawn if the rule were to prevail that a liberal must choose his side in every public question by merely saying that he is against anything the Communists favor regardless of the merits of the controversy. Such a procedure would reduce the progressive to the estate of the fanatic who insisted that he wished to contract a venereal disease because he understood it was being fought editorially by The Chicago Tribune.

And it is well to remember that radical thought neither began nor ends with Josef Stalin. There is nothing novel in suggesting that now is an excellent time for us to look into the progressive and radical roots which are part of our own heritage. The weakness of communism has always been in its basic dependence upon leadership which was far away and unfamiliar with American conditions.

The tie between left-wingers here and the authorities in Russia was probably pretty thin as far as detail went. Much was done here without any consultation whatsoever. But a tether rope remained and the sudden shift in the line as reflected in the pact must have come with an unexpected jerk to native party leaders. Their very floundering seems to show that they were neither tipped off in advance nor consulted as to what effect the move would have upon progressive and radical opinion here.

Earl Browder has testified that party members are subject to expulsion if they criticize this diplomatic coup of the Soviet Republic. Apparently American Communists are doing their gulping, if any, behind closed doors and officially putting as good a face as possible upon the matter. Defections, however, are rampant among so-called sympathizers. But the net result of this split may be very disappointing to the chortlers. For three or four years anybody, of a conservative trend, whose play or book or poem was criticized attributed the bad notices to "the malice of the fellow travelers."

There were some who held that Stalin received a clip sheet of the newspapers and magazines of the United States at least once a week and maybe every morning. And, according to the legend, he would look these over and call up party headquarters in New York with specific instructions as to which books and comedies and musicals were to be praised and which condemned by his agents in Manhattan.

For instance, Mr. Stalin might say, "Morrie Ryskind had a piece in The Nation last week which I found most objectionable. Please see that he gets a smearing at the hands of all the fellow-traveling critics."

I am of the opinion that the legend may now evaporate. George Kaufman once told the story of a man who was socially unpopular and very unhappy about it. When his best friends told him he had dandruff he was delighted. He felt that this fact explained everything. Purchasing the proper remedy he soon cured the dandruff, but to his horror he was just as unpopular as ever.

And it is my notion that even though Stalin has signed a pact with Hitler, many of the Red-baiters have the same spiritual dandruff as afflicted them before. Not all the leopards have changed their spots. HEYWOOD BROUN

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Washington Notes

Great Peter's Window

THE WASHINGTON EMBASSIES and legations where the atmosphere is tensest are not those of the belligerents, but of the neutral countries along Russia's European frontier. Their home governments, I learn, have sent secret inquiries to Moscow, asking what Russia's intentions are. As these Notes are written, there has been no reply. At least some of the diplomats here fear a Russian move in the immediate future.

My informants are, of course, undisguisedly anti-Russian. Nevertheless, their reasoning furnishes a coherent explanation of why Josef Stalin agreed to the recent Russo-German treaty. For what value it may have, it is here briefly summarized. It is based almost wholly on the supposed military vulnerability of Leningrad. As you will recall, Leningrad lies at the end of the narrow Gulf of Finland, the north and south shores of which are held by the weak states of Finland and Estonia. Estonia runs to within less than a hundred miles of Leningrad, a half-hour's hop for a bomber. Russia's only other gateways to western Europe are three railways, all now dominated by Great Germany, and the Bosporus-Mediterranean route, controlled by Turkey and the British fleet.

Once you accept this premise—that Leningrad at present would be difficult to defend, and, additionally, that its temporary loss in war might endanger Stalin's domestic position—the remainder of the argument follows easily. As proof that Stalin himself has been immensely preoccupied with the protection of Leningrad, my informants point to the Russian government's abrupt, unexplained announcement, about two years ago, that it meant to have a great navy. You may recall that this was followed by attempts to buy 40,000-ton battleships in the United States—ships that were to be made in sections and later fitted together in Russia. This announcement, my informants say, constituted a turning-point in Baltic diplomacy. It was taken to mean that, at the earliest opportunity, Russia meant to challenge Germany's control of the Baltic Sea. But it meant more than that. Battleships floating on the Neva River at Leningrad would be merely ridiculous. To fight Germany in the Baltic, it would be necessary for Russia to possess control of the Gulf of Finland, and, in addition, free use of the port of Riga. It would also mean that Estonia, Latvia and possibly Finland must become Russian allies and satellites.

At the time of the Russian announcement, Nazi parties had attained luxuriant growth within all the Baltic countries. Last spring, the Nazi Baltic fleet, with Hitler on the bridge of the foremost ship, sailed into Memel harbor, and Lithuania was transformed into a reluctant Nazi protectorate. It was an object lesson for the remaining Baltic states, and most of all for Russia.

The speech of M. Molotov on the ratification of the Russo-German treaty, just at the outbreak of war, has been minutely studied by diplomats here. His two reasons, or excuses, for not reaching an agreement with Britain and France have beeen received with a certain amount of contempt. The first—that the British negotiators, Messrs. Seeds and Strang, did not have plenary powers—is called a shuffling of words to fool the innocent. Envoys almost never have plenary powers, strictly defined, except at full-dress conferences, such as the 1919 Paris Conference. Messrs. Seeds and Strang had exactly the same powers, no less and no more, as Count von der Schulenberg, who negotiated the Russo-German treaty, and Herr Ribbentrop, who signed it. M. Litvinov, when he came to Washington in 1933 to negotiate the United States-Russian treaty, lacked plenary powers and had to cable his government continuously, but no one suspected him of double-dealing.

M. Molotov's second excuse was that the British did not force their allies, the Poles, to agree to let Russian armies fight on Polish soil. It is readily admitted that this was the crucial element in what probably was, for sheerly geographical reasons, an insoluble problem. M. Molotov's statement is considered disingenuous, for a small nation never willingly admits the troops of a great power to its territory. The Russians knew beforehand that Colonel Beck would seek to make terms with Hitler before he would let Russian troops occupy Poland.

Nevertheless—as my informants agree—unless the Russians could defend Leningrad somewhere along the line of the Vistula, the value of joining an Anglo-French alliance became extremely small. All possible compromises—that of sending a limited Russian expeditionary force to aid the Poles, or of the assignment to Russia of a front of her own, perhaps the Vilna corridor opposite East Prussia—were, from a soldier's point of view, impracticable. The Russians could foresee the probable defeat of the Poles, and foresee that, once they openly joined Hitler's enemies, they would be obliged to meet a German blockade of the Gulf of Finland and a German thrust overland through Estonia. It was precisely this, according to our premise, that Stalin was determined to avoid at any cost.

His alternative was an agreement with Hitler. As citizens of Baltic countries, my informants are obsessed with the fear that the Russo-German treaty hides an understanding that Estonia and Latvia have been apportioned to Moscow. The more imaginative diplomats add that Russia will also be given the Polish Ukraine as an earnest that Hitler no longer supports the Ukrainian nationalists.

Since the outbreak of war, there have been repeated reports that, within a few months, the Russians will swing away from Germany to the Anglo-French side. These reports are taken by my informants as proof of their interpretation. The phrase, "within a few months," they say, means as soon as Stalin feels himself master of the gulfs of Finland and Riga, and is confident of his ability to defend Leningrad. Whether the Russians will find it easy to disentangle themselves from the Nazi embrace, however, is something that time will show.

Mr. John L. Lewis' bitter attack on the New Deal in his Labor Day speech, I learn, is to be taken seriously. Mr. Lewis is said to be deeply aroused by Mr. Roosevelt's present friendliness to Mr. Stettinius and his fellow members of the national-defense committee. In the opinion not only of CIO officials, but of many neutral observers, the com-

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mittee has an anti-labor, and even anti-New Deal, bias. A few weeks ago, it is understood that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Lewis had a lengthy meeting at the White House, during which Mr. Lewis bluntly expressed his feeling that the CIO was not being adequately consulted about either New Deal appointments or policies. Mr. Lewis' speech is represented as a solemn warning to the administration that the CIO's patience is wearing thin.

Washington T. R. B.

Other People's Money

War on the Home-Front

THOSE LUSTY WORLD PATRIOTS who go about saying that America is sure to get into this war, might do well to pause a moment and try to make a picture of what war means. I recall back in 1916 when a lot of world patriots were demanding that America should go to the aid of the Allies, an old gentleman saying to me:

"Ever since 1865 we have had in this country the Grand Army of the Republic. Year after year it became a more serious problem. We have had to pay out billions in pensions. But even worse, the Grand Army became a political problem—worse, a political smoke screen which was used to confuse every issue and every debate. Now these old men are passing out. They are no longer sufficiently numerous to be a major political and fiscal problem. Having outlived that burden of pensions and confusion, I would like to suggest that this country go a little slow about bringing into existence another political Grand Army, to complicate and obfuscate our political struggles and to impose upon us another half-century of pensions."

It was a wise look ahead. The Civil War brought a good deal more in its train than the Grand Army. But that was a problem not to be sneezed at. However, we did go into the World War and now we have the American Legion. What it costs us in money and in political confusion everyone knows. But it might be well to advise people that the American Legion is as yet in its less virulent stages as a political and financial problem. In another six or seven years, when "the old boys" are somewhat worse off because older, we shall begin to get the real bills. And when any man tries to discuss taxes or trade or unemployment or recovery or social problems or international problems, there will always be some orator to rise and warp the subject around to "the old soldiers," that "gallant khaki-clad line."

Now, before the American Legion is yet in its stride, if we go into another war we shall superimpose upon the Legion another and fresher one so as to ensure this distracting and expensive feature of American life for another two generations.

However, this may be looked upon as merely one of the minor irritations of war, although an institution that costs us now a billion dollars a year is hardly a minor irritation. If you would know what the others are, take a look at Europe. I recall some objector to the anti-war-profits bill of the Senate Munitions Committee—a plan to tax all the profits out of war—crying out that it was a plan to use the war to weaken and destroy our democratic capitalist system.

The first thing that happens in war is the suppression of the democratic system. We need not bother ourselves on that score. The first act of the nation—every nation—is to erect its premier or president into a dictator and that means the end of democracy for the duration of the war—and maybe longer.

And as for our economic system, how much of that is left today in any country in Europe? The capitalist system of private property is pretty well shot. It is still a system of private property—but hardly a system of profit.

As for democracy and our economy—what is going on now in Europe is a Junker bureaucrat's paradise. The regulation makers are at work—and upon every phase of a man's life. Germany has issued a system of rules governing what her people may eat and wear. A list of the amount of clothes, including handkerchiefs and socks and shirts—three shirts to a person—has been published. Ration cards governing the food allowance of everyone have been issued. Prices of all foods and other commodities are fixed, and this is true not only in Germany but in England and France. Gasoline is rationed and on so severe a schedule that unless you are operating a car in what is defined as "the national interest" you can get no gasoline. Soap, in Germany, is most carefully rationed—a single cake in a house for both laundry and the toilet. Suggestions of the rationers to the people are that soap be kept in a bag and used that way for laundry and then removed and caked for face washing. Another suggestion is that a common basin of sudsy water be kept in the kitchen as a sort of communal soap-and-water resource. Or you can use baking soda for producing the skin you hate to touch.

France has issued a decree giving the government complete control of all industry. The Minister of Labor is charged with supplying adequate workmen for all industrial efforts. No employer is permitted to advertise for a skilled workman. No workman who now is employed under contract is permitted to renew his contract. The employer must apply to the Minister of Labor for permission to renew it or to employ anyone. Control of all workers from eighteen to forty is in the hands of the Minister and when a worker is placed his wages will be fixed by the person in authority.

As the war costs money, the savings of the people in external securities of all sorts are confiscated and replaced by internal bonds, which are sure to decline at least 50 cents on the dollar if the war lasts. Every country groans under taxes. They will groan more. Already Germany has fixed the income surtax rate at 50 percent. Americans who want to go to war to help Europe are already groaning under a mere four or six or ten percent.

The railroads have been seized, imports and exports are drastically regulated. In Germany no man can listen to a foreign radio program without risking punishment if he repeats what he hears; the punishment may be death. And the cheapest radio set in Germany has just been subjected to a minimum tax of $9.80, ranging up with the cost of the set.

I do not mention the little irritants to those young men who will be kept in trenches and gassed and slaughtered. I speak of the irritations to the civilians who may think life behind the lines will be as abundant and pleasant as it was in this country in the last war. JOHN T. FLYNN

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Ring Around the Roses

IF ANY EXCUSE is needed for an exhibition of Old Masters at a fair that calls itself the World of Tomorrow, the excuse may easily be found that the novelty of this exhibition lies in its historical completeness. Museums are another matter, of course, but among exhibitions this one stands out as the first that I know of in America to represent not merely one school or epoch, but all the great epochs in the history of European painting, from the beginning of easel painting and the fourteenth century till the time of the French Revolution—we have agreed to let modern art begin then.

You could not expect such an exhibition to outshine the great museums any more than you could expect the French Building at the Fair to obscure the charms of Paris. I have heard a good many art lovers speak of it, however, as not very important, and seem to leave us that opinion as quietly decisive. This is indeed peace without viscera; an easy finality of opinion whose corpus is feeble. If nothing else, the exhibition is a chance to see many things that are privately owned and that might otherwise never be seen except, perhaps, in that world of tomorrow when the present owners may have willed them to our grandchildren's museums.

Without farrago and without any ex-cathedra, as it were, I may as well, in the face of so much magnificent material as this show offers, and so great a range and quality, abandon all efforts at permanent estimations. I mean the sort of artistic criticism that people so solemnly respect and are so quickly delivered of—a fugue in which the scholarly critical absolutes come in one by one and one by one the public goes out.

Let that observation sound as flippant as it may—it might help clear the way—in this show—for Tintoretto, El Greco, Titian, Fragonard, Guardi and so on, not forgetting Magnasco, rare enchanting devil about whom so few people seem to know anything that pausing to give his dates can do no harm—1681-1747. We might, perhaps, even pause to add that this fine example, "The Synagogue," was lent by the Cleveland Museum. Cynical query: why be eccentric? Cleveland could have bought, for example, a much repainted and very homely Rembrandt instead, some canvas that has nothing at all to do with his great pieces, but bears his name and publicity, and a certificate from a front-page dealer. Statistical query: who is it there at the Cleveland Museum that knows what a brilliant and glittering shadow of the brush this picture carries: knows, too, perhaps, its contemporaneous relation to the technique of Guardi; and even the special manner in which, with a certain minor bombast and sarcastic triviality, Magnasco descends from Tintoretto?

There is, too, the Lawrence of "Miss Farren, Countess of Derby." Photographs and prints of this picture have long adorned our calendars and disgraced our walls. But the original, lent to the Fair by Mr. Edward S. Harkness, is not the same thing at all. In the landscape, completely surrounding the figure and canvas-filling, the mood and the traits of genius are so apparent, the effortless dream of an enveloping cosmos for those whose faces are worthy of it—however prettily—is so pliable and happy, that we are suddenly brought up short before this picture. We feel our brains about to act, and realize that they are prevented from doing so only by the sitter's head as Lawrence has done it. The world of society, system and position enters, bringing with it the right staleness for discretion and caste. Even his painting retreats before that idea. The head has no tactile values, no such dreaming as the landscape dreams, no depth either zoölogically or intellectually, and yet it is there, fashionably set in the English scene and poetry of clouds. Giotto, David, Hogarth, Tiepolo may be notable studies of art and its social origins, but scarcely less so than this Lawrence.

With a blaze of Signorelli, Rubens, Vermeer, Velasquez, Raphael, Patinir and so on upon us like this, we come rather headlong on one of those surprises and dissatisfactions that New York is always sure to provide somewhere. The Fair is a jolly place whose chief defect is the lack of a design easily enough perceived. Many impressions never arrive merely because the spaces involved destroy the chance for any impression at all. There are spaces merely ugly or unused. And there are buildings far larger than need be, though that is not regrettable; it adds to the gayety, pride and reckless spread. Our New York surprise is with the Old Masters.

The surprise and disappointment about the Old Masters exhibition is that there is not room enough for half the number of paintings hung there. Titian being exhibited gets nothing like the room given elsewhere to a cow being milked; and people, rare and significant, like Duccio and Piero della Francesca, are stuck in as close as a stamp collection. The Tintoretto of Christ walking the waves, from the collection of Mr. Arthur Sachs, is hung high up above a still larger canvas; while the beautiful Titian of the Magi's visitation that Mr. Sachs has also lent, is flanked by portraits and what not that are so sophisticated and handsome that one wonders why the bearers of such Eastern munificence and adoration stopped at Bethlehem instead of going on to Venice. The El Greco room is a sheer disgrace: half a dozen or more large paintings—that of Christ driving the money-changers from the temple, for instance, one of the first pictures El Greco painted in Spain and won his place by—are packed into a little room with two hearty doorways, as if merely in passing.

Another shock item is the fifty cents admission. Another the fact that the majority of these pictures have only a number. You must buy the catalogue and burrow them out. The catalogue may be inexpensive enough, but the point is that the enjoyment of an exhibition is greatly cut down by turning it into a kind of logomachy for transients: what's the name for this one? It is almost impossible to believe that in an area where almost everything booms, brightens and spreads, and even bellows at times, we could not find cards on the wall at least, near the frame of the particular painting, with not only the artist's name but his date, and, to be frank, I should say some three or four lines of information as to the painting's history, subject, owners, or whatever might be of interest or use to the casual visitor or ordinary mortal. To an astonishing degree this decision on the part of the directors, this omission, cuts down the enjoyment and the popular usefulness and luminosity of the event.

If the exhibition does not provide such information—

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which after all would be nothing very new—it does at least provide several guides to take the public through the galleries. I must write of this in another article—the problem involved and the guiding.

STARK YOUNG

There Are Wizards and Wizards

"THE WIZARD OF OZ" was intended to hit the same audience as "Snow White," and won't fail for lack of trying. It has dwarfs, music, technicolor, freak characters and Judy Garland. It can't be expected to have a sense of humor as well—and as for the light touch of fantasy, it weighs like a pound of fruitcake soaking wet. Children will not object to it, especially as it is a thing of many interesting gadgets; but it will be delightful for children mostly to their mothers, and any kid tall enough to reach up to a ticket window will be found at the Tarzan film down the street. The story of course has some lovely and wild ideas—men of straw and tin, a cowardly lion, a wizard who isn't a very good wizard—but the picture doesn't know what to do with them, except to be painfully literal and elaborate about everything—Cecil B. DeMille and the Seven Thousand Dwarfs by Actual Count.

The things I liked best were the design for a witches' castle, the air-raid of the Things with Wings, the control-room in which Frank Morgan is discovered controlling the light and sound effects that make the Wizard. Morgan in fact is the only unaffected trouper in the bunch; the rest either try too hard or are Judy Garland. It isn't that this little slip of a miss spoils the fantasy so much as that her thumping, overgrown gambols are characteristic of its treatment here: when she is merry the house shakes, and everybody gets wet when she is lorn.

I'd much rather talk about "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes," which is credited as being "based on" the Gillette play, but which is actually a new creation on its own, written by Edwin Blum and William Drake, produced by Darryl Zanuck. Its plot deals with a master criminal who is getting bored with the business but who elects to postpone his retirement until he sews up Sherlock for good —he's going to steal his head and send it to him COD.

Mr. Holmes is Basil Rathbone, and after two pictures (the first was the "Baskervilles" remake) you can't believe he was really anybody else. Watson is Nigel Bruce, who is not only much more delightful than Watson but much more Watson. His blank confusion, his little triumphs, his earnest wrestle with the mysterious and occasional petulance—none of these is overplayed or minimized to woodenness, and all are played with the added grace of a personal interpretation. Rathbone is capable in both energy or repose without mixing them up, and has that poise in understatement required by the character, *plus* the same actor's reserve of qualities that must be implied and felt beneath any actual statement as such. The two work together as though they had never had such a time in their lives. But in the complications of any mystery, much rests with writers and directors to make their intricacies clear to the audience at the same time that the audience is being kept in darkness and suspense. And in this case it is finely done.

It is one of the unfortunate things of criticism that when the highly complex craftsmanship by which a story is kept well in motion succeeds, there is nothing more complex to say about it than just that. However, there are some very nice effects brought off here—some by means of right timing, some by the use of the setting, some by the use of plot music. But the most effective use of the medium as no other medium could be used comes in the sequence where we see death stalking, slowly, and then faster, in a pair of shapeless trousers shown from the knee down to the horrible false shoe, built up three inches under the sole to resemble a club foot, carried awkwardly through the mud and bushes, one, limp, two, limp, etc. It is a device, or gimmick; but it is used with a contextual appreciation of the whole effect which appears only when movies are being made as they should be. As a film, "Holmes" has its own lightness and speed across the screen, and focuses a close and lifting attention. It is not the sort of thing to be considered as a Work of Art: my point is simply that it is an exciting story told with more real movie art per foot than seven reels of anything the intellectual men have been finding good this whole year or more.

OTIS FERGUSON

The Bandwagon

Eleven million people in the United States are suffering from hay fever, which is an alarming state of affairs. . . . Exempt places for hay-fever sufferers: Adirondacks, Bermuda, Bethlehem, N. H. . . . Europe generally. – *From a letter to The Louisville, Ky., Courier-Journal.*

And a Fine Figure of a Well Armed Woman

Beamed Mae West billowy in pink negligée, "It is a wonderful work. . . . I owe all my success to the kind of thinking Moral Rearmament is." Gallantly responded Dr. Buchman: "You are a splendid character, Miss West. You have done wonderful work too." – *From an account of an interview printed in Time.*

Lawks!

Give a lady laces and men sing about her waist—fight over it. Always have. The stem-waist today is the most exciting tidbit from Paris. Men feel protective at the thought of fragile damsels supporting themselves with a bedpost while they pull their laces tighter and tighter. Lah! – *From a Bonwit Teller advertisement printed in The New York Times.*

And Toss Your Capitals Over the Windmill

It is not wise to lose one's temper when dealing with a mad dog. Calmness is essential. We will remain calm no matter what the provocation. In our own way . . . we will make our contribution towards the realization of the wish of hundreds of millions of human beings:

TO HELL WITH HITLER! – *From an editorial in The Newark, N. J., Ledger.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column and $1 will be paid for each item used. Address The Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. – THE EDITORS

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Correspondence

Down on the Associated Farm

SIR: Every day I see the machinations of the Associated Farmers (no member of which do I know to be a farmer). As Charles Todd points out in your issue of June 28, they have their men in the county supervisor's office, the sheriff's office, the city and county administrations.

Imperial Valley was the center of a statewide row recently that has to date received no notice in any of the prominent liberal publications. Labor's Non-Partisan League, with no organized chapter in this locality, made application with the County Fair Board for the use of the Fair Grounds for a mass meeting sponsored by that organization and the Fresh Fruit and Vegetable Workers' Union (CIO). It had already been announced that Lieutenant Governor Ellis Patterson, Richard Olson, son of the Governor, and the assistant secretary of the state LNPL would be the principal speakers. This meeting was scheduled for Memorial Day. A hearing was held for the application, which is unusual, and in full force the Associated Farmers and the Chamber of Commerce turned out against it. Ben Hulse, former state senator and member of the Board, said that he had never heard of Labor's Non-Partisan League and it was a well known fact that if the meeting was addressed by Ellis Paterson it would end in a riot. The application was denied.

Governor Olson was notified immediately and wired the Board a scorching reply. The Board, either through ignorance or malice, had grabbed a hot potato and soon convened to rectify their former action.

On Memorial Day at eight o'clock in the evening the meeting got under way. Ellis Patterson stole the day when he came on with his impassioned plea for the continuation of the present New Deal administration with Roosevelt *still* the leader. Richard Olson read a message from his father congratulating the meeting on the winning of their fight in the cause of free assembly and free speech.

This incident brings many loose ends together. It saw the Associated Farmers and the Chamber of Commerce reveal their hands openly against labor. It saw the powerful Teamsters' Union (AFL) representative show his ignorance of national affairs. This representative said publicly that the AFL had no quarrel with the Associated Farmers. Ellis Patterson and Culbert Olson have again confirmed their allegiance to the cause of labor and democracy. They have said that in the elections of next year, when neither will be forced to run again to hold their present positions, they will both be on the firing line with all available records of each man running for public office.

El Centro, Calif. THEODORE MAHAFFEY

Flynn Alone

SIR: The article, "First Person Singular," by Mr. John T. Flynn [The New Republic, September 6] is like a breath of fresh air, with its sanity and clarity, in an atmosphere made almost insupportably murky by distortions of fact and interpretation. The articles published in The New Republic on Tory Dialectics several months ago, by Professor Frederick L. Schuman, furnished an excellent blueprint to an understanding of present-day events; but apparently Mr. Flynn is almost alone on The New Republic's staff in having profited by them.

New York City BERENICE C. SKIDELSKY

Stalin's Umbrella

SIR: What a lot of busy letter-writers your magazine appeals to —as see the issue of September 13. Looks like you made a mistake in not signing the Soviet-German pact yourself. You can take solace in the fact that none of these angry people seemed to be in a writing mood when you said Russo-German friendship would not be heaven for Europe—before Stalin took to wearing an umbrella. Looks like a lot of people have tendons in their writing elbow that can be pulled like strings. Has Charlie McCarthy written?

Haworth, N. J. WADSWORTH MULROONEY

[By next week we should have received most of the letters commenting on the pact—at which time we shall be able to give out a statistical report. – THE EDITORS]

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Winifred Lindley, of New York City, who shared her home with a political refugee from Europe, gives some good suggestions for those who may have the inclination but not the means to help the refugees: have you got a cottage on the beach? Is your home or apartment going to lie idle for a month or two? Is there an extra room in the house? Even a month's free lodging may make all the difference in the world. "Remember that most of the exiles are people of your own class, doctors, lawyers, teachers, and that your gift to them of friendship will be appreciated with almost painful intensity." . . . A device for Polish aid is outlined by Franklin Wilson, of Altamount, Maryland. Get exchange from a bank and order stamps from the Postmaster at Lublin. If Poland is not wiped out, the stamps will bring face value after the war; if it is, the stamps will have a rarity value. He says he has already helped China, Ethiopia and the Czechs that way . . . . A fellowship of $750 "for a piece of original research or a constructive analysis of a labor problem" is announced by Sidney Hook, who with John Dewey and Julius Hochman will judge outlines of the proposed manuscript ("preferably of book size"). For rules of submission, write to Hillman M. Bishop, secretary of the John Dewey Research Fellowship, at the College of the City of New York.

We have M. L. Keen's word from Atlantic City that we have his goat. He doesn't like the characterization of Hitler as a brilliant madman. He says Hitler isn't brilliant. Only lucky in his choice of opponents. . . . James E. Van Peursem of Richmond, Kentucky, wishes to add his protest against George Seldes' allusion to Consumers' Research (August 2). Said he was on the edge of leaving CR for CU. Now he certainly won't leave. (The power of the press.) . . . E. L. Sampson, who sounds as though he wants us to go out and kill a few Japs, warns us from Ketchikan, Alaska, against the conclusion that war can be "nothing else but complete extermination of the vanquished." Warning noted. . . . Ira Benson, of Chicago, says some rather strong words about the "open mind." He finds it "a bit disingenuous, to say the least, to find The New Republic criticizing Soviet Russia for being a one-party country." He says criticism won't win the peace. His letter, however, was dated August 20. . . . Mrs. Sidney Koffski, of Everett, Washington, burns at careless magazine readers in libraries and wishes to join B. B.'s Club for Cranks.

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Books in Review

How Propaganda Works

As I sit down to review "The Fine Art of Propaganda: A Study of Father Coughlin's Speeches,"[1] I am overwhelmed with an oppressive feeling of "What's the use?" The book is, of course, good; its listing of seven major propaganda devices should prove useful to the unwary, and its specific application of the general principles of propaganda detection to Father Coughlin's incendiary utterances makes a first-rate case study. But, with the guns roaring in Pomorze and the French army pressing at the Siegfried Line, Father Coughlin seems pretty small potatoes. Sure, Father Coughlin has promulgated anti-Semitic and neo-fascist claptrap. But who besides Fritz Kuhn and a handful of Bundists will listen to him now if he goes on singing the same old tunes? With the world thrown into convulsions by Herr Hitler's gruesome decision, America will certainly not go fascist through imitating Nazi Germany or swallowing the propaganda of Herr Goebbels. No, the danger to American democracy is of an entirely different order: it is that we shall become totalitarian, illiberal and ridden by manias all in the name of rejecting everything obnoxious that Father Coughlin stands for. When Drs. Alfred McClung Lee and Betty Briant Lee began editing this little book for the Institute of Propaganda Analysis, they naturally couldn't foresee the grisly joke that history was even then preparing. But the joke has been played; and a new period has opened in which it will be positively dangerous to question propagandas of a wholly different sort from the blather of Detroit's Radio Priest.

The seven "tricks of the trade" that the Drs. Lee enumerate are Name Calling, exploitation of the Glittering Generality, the use of the Transfer Device of citing sources not readily available to the average reader, the Testimonial (an old advertising writer's trick), the Plain Folks appeal, the device of Card Stacking (or selective manipulation of facts) and, finally, the call to get on the Bandwagon. Certainly the American people have need at the moment to arm themselves with knowledge of these major propagandistic devices. Yet already I sense a feeling around me of "Let's have done with argument." Over the Labor Day week-end I listened to the radio commentators with the seven tricks of the propagandists' trade in my mind. The broadcaster who tried to make the sinking of the "Athenia" an infraction of the "rules" of warfare certainly showed little comprehension of the inevitable nature of war. Americans ought to know by this time that British ships are perfectly fair game for German submarines, war being what it is. Even passenger liners can be used by the British for transporting arms, ammunition, food and soldiers from overseas; they are, therefore, just as much a strategic objective as a railroad station or a munitions factory. Two years ago it would have been platitudinous to mention this, but here, in September of 1939, platitude may be on the verge of becoming heresy. Of course, the torpedoing of passenger liners is inhuman, but so is everything else in warfare. The radio commentator who isolates single instances for special moral obloquy is guilty of Card Stacking, or the selective manipulation of facts. One commentator who stuck scrupulously to explaining the news was Mr. Elmer Davis. Hearing Mr. Davis, a friend of mine said, "What does he think he is, a referee?" I'm sure Mr. Davis aspires to be just that, but I'm very much afraid the American people are going to ask for judges, not referees.

Turning from the radio to the press, let us pick up The New York Herald Tribune for September 4. With our seven tricks of the propagandists' trade in mind, let us read Miss Dorothy Thompson's column, which is vastly influential with most people I know. Miss Thompson writes with almost religious feeling; and her emotions do her credit. But, in propagandizing her emotions on September 4, Miss Thompson had recourse to a parade of Glittering Generalities as long as your arm. Moreover, she took them from the preamble to the American Constitution, which was an invocation of the appeal to tradition, the need for Testimonial. "As we seek for a guiding principle through the time to come," wrote Miss Thompson, "we can ask of every policy and of every idea: Does it help forward a more perfect union? Does it aid Justice? Does it help to ensure Domestic Tranquility? Does it contribute to the Common Defense? Does it promote the General Welfare?" Yes, we can ask. And, if we know Dorothy Thompson, we know what answers she expects. But if some of us think this country is best defended by keeping out of the European mess, while others consider that we should enter the war at once in order to kill off Hitler as a preventive measure, then the search for a "guiding principle" is bound to be deeply divisive. No, there is no refuge to be found in the exploitation of the Glittering Generality, or in the Testimonials of the Founding Fathers. Americans can't ask the question, "Does it help forward a more perfect union?" until they have first settled the antecedent question, "Union for what?" Doubtless it would help create a "more perfect union" if Mr. John L. Lewis, for example, would renounce all aspirations for labor, or if the du Ponts and Vice President Garner and Thomas Dewey would all come out for Roosevelt's foreign policy, whatever it is to be from now on. But such "union" would be a travesty of democracy, an admission that war has done for our freedom to argue and bicker long before we are even committed to war. Miss Thompson is not really asking for a suspension of democratic procedure. She is merely trying to create a mood that will predispose people to accept her particular program for Justice, Common Defense and the General Welfare. I predict that if the war goes on she will first ask for economic aid beyond cash-and-carry to the Allies and then, failing a reasonably quick Anglo-French victory, for our full participation. Well, that is her right.

[1] The Fine Art of Propaganda: A Study of Father Coughlin's Speeches, prepared by the Institute of Propaganda Analysis under the supervision of Alfred McClung Lee and Betty Briant Lee. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 152 pages. $1.50 (paper, 75 cents).

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But I, for one, would prefer to have her tell me just how Hitler is ever to win a totalitarian victory over England in the first place, and (assuming that he can) just how he is to extend his communications far enough to menace democracy in America. If we are going into this war, let's do it on the basis of analysis, not sacramental verbalisms.

I have picked my propaganda samples at random. But I am certain that such samples are going to have a great deal to do with our decisions in the near future. If the Institute for Propaganda Analysis is to keep on its toes, it must be prepared to question our Best Minds as well as the feeble intellection of a Father Coughlin. Name-calling ("pro-Fascist!"), the Glittering Generality (Democracy, Freedom), Card Stacking, the adjuration to get aboard the Bandwagon—all of these will be with us night and day from now on. The Institute for Propaganda Analysis is in for some heroic days; may its members live up to their name.

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Philistia versus Mexico

The Mexican Challenge, by Frank L. Kluckhohn. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 296 pages. $2.50.

MERELY TO LIST the misstatements of fact, the betrayals of truth, in this volume would require far more space than I can dispose of. Often the errors are trivial, pointing at worst to the author's unfamiliarity with Mexico's land and peoples, as when he calls *pulque* "an intoxicant made from the mescal plant," or names Augustín Arroyo Ch. (of Guanajuato) as one of the "Michoacán satellites" of Cárdenas, or ignores that the "close associate" General Sanchez Tapia is really one of the President's deadliest foes. Other mistakes are significant but "understandable" in a reporter whose acquaintance with Mexico is shallow, as when Mr. Kluckhohn says (at least three times) that the economic status of the Mexicans has *not* improved, or ascribes the greater import of foodstuffs to decreased production, not to the increased consumption of a people who are beginning to *eat;* or blames the railway accidents on the present labor regime—not knowing the statistics of the days of Díaz; or—in ignorance of Spanish and Mexican law—insists on calling the expropriations arbitrary, if not illegal; or writes of the dividing of the lands "without a gesture toward indemnity except in the cases of a few Americans," unaware of the *lote* which every genuine rich farmer may retain and on which thousands today are living at an economic level far higher than the *ejidos*, not to mention payments in bonds and actual moneys whose validity is threatened not by Mexico, but by those very enemies whose cause Mr. Kluckhohn pleads.

I am afraid, however, that the suppressions of vital truths are so extended that not ignorance, or even stupidity, can explain them. Mr. Kluckhohn has set out to paint an unfavorable picture of Mexico, to frighten American capital and to incite it against the Mexican people. To this end he has distorted, concealed, deprecated, so completely that to do the job of refuting him would call for another volume.

The book begins with general chapters: "The Issue," "Mexico's Attitude," "The American Attitude," which damn before they deign to discuss. Mexico is revealed as consistently kicking the shins of her great neighbor, which is called sentimental and confused in its foolish benevolence toward the impossible land, concerning which the author sympathetically quotes the wag who remarked: "The Mexican masses have a great future—and always will have one." In "Totalitarian Intrigue," enter the Villain—vaguely, although every barrel of oil sold to Germany, and every (denied) rumor about Japan is sedulously detailed. One of the author's tricks is to create an atmosphere by quoting an accusation which (to play safe) he declares to have been discredited—with no further word. Thus, within Mr. Kluckhohn's noisy whispers about fascist intrigue, the simple explanatory fact that Mexico must sell oil to the fascists (as did the oil companies before) because other markets have been barred, can scarcely be heard. In the chapter on Cárdenas (constantly referred to as "Mexico's strong man," to suggest similitudes with bold, bad dictators), the President (whom the author has "seen" about as well as a blind man could see Cézanne) is "sympathetically" pictured as an honest, ignorant fanatic. As soon as he took office, Cárdenas "put his head down like a bull and charged," although "the varying ideologies of Franklin, Jefferson, Marx and Hitler are equally vague to him." Then Mr. Kluckhohn so surrounds the "fool" with crooks that "it is common talk . . . that in thirty years . . . graft has not been so general and has not extended in so many directions"—a statement with no objective value except in that it reveals the company whose "common talk" is quoted.

The horrors pile up—all the horrors of the oil interests' propaganda. The activity of the noisy handful of fascists, and Mexico's exclusion of *all immigrants* who are neither producers nor intellectuals, are made the ground for the accusation of anti-Semitism. (The truth is, of course, that Mexico will open her hospitable doors to as many thousands of Jews as Spaniards, who are willing to work in agriculture or industry, and whose presence will not endanger the shaky commerce of the country.) The oil controversy is so distorted as to make Mexico and American "good will" the villains, with particular insinuations against Josephus Daniels, whose balance and fair play have endeared him to Mexico and irritated Mr. Kluckhohn (the fantasy goes so far as to suggest that Cárdenas only dared take the oil wells because he "thought" Washington was with him).

Next comes Education. The schools, we are told, are "materialistic" and preach totalitarian statism (an absolute falsehood); moreover, their "leftism" can easily be transformed into fascism—a remark which misjudges the entire cultural basis of the country.

Sometimes the errors become almost funny. Thus, concerning Cedillo—the traitor whom Cárdenas spared for three years with Christian forbearance, until Cedillo destroyed himself—Mr. Kluckhohn writes: "As a demonstration of personal loyalty to the man who played a large part in 'making' Cárdenas, the treatment of Cedillo perhaps left something to be desired." And Mr. Kluckhohn quotes the laments of the "old revolutionary" Luis Cabrera on the "perverted revolution of Cárdenas," omitting the little detail that Cabrera is now a lawyer for the oil companies.

One falsehood is particularly revealing. The freedom of the Mexican press is complete, and so viciously exploited by the interests of money that many a friend of Mexico complains of the President's dangerous quixotism in permitting the ceaseless flow of slander and of lies against the government. Without exception the greater newspapers

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and the popular weeklies are anti-Cárdenas and anti-administration. Yet Mr. Kluckhohn reiterates that the press is muzzled! Even if he reads no word of Spanish, how could a newspaperman have avoided knowing this is false?

Mr. Kluckhohn concludes with a discussion of ways and means for bringing Mexico to heel, blandly identifying the interests of American investors with the interests of the American people. He is rather opposed to the "final measure . . . to take over Mexico permanently," although he admits it "would give the United States new frontiers to develop and provide work for the ten million American unemployed." His reasons are Mexico's climate and our prejudice against "outright imperialism," and the Protestants' probable objection to so many more Catholics in the Union. Among his reasons against Mexican annihilation, he fails to name Mexico's own life-spirit and values.

The badness of this book—reportorially, politically, historically, culturally, spiritually—is so nearly perfect as to be something of an achievement. The fact that its writer was the accredited correspondent of a great paper, The New York Times, is one of its important features.

WALDO FRANK

Guns Instead of Butter

The Economic Recovery of Germany from 1933 to March, 1938, by C. W. Guillebaud. New York: The Macmillan Company. 317 pages. $3.25.
The Corporate State in Action: Italy under Fascism, by Carl T. Schmidt. New York: The Oxford University Press. 183 pages. $2.25.

TAKE OFFICIAL German literature and figures, accept without question their interpretation by the Nazis, present the Nazi case more intelligently than most Nazis would be able to do, and you have Mr. Guillebaud's book. There is hardly a line in his 271 pages of text to which Dr. Goebbels would not subscribe without reservation. Yet it seems to me that the author, who is a lecturer in Economics at the University of Cambridge, wishes to be impartial. He is a victim of an inferiority complex that is widespread today among economists in democratic countries.

Many democratic countries suffer from mass unemployment, which does not now exist in Germany. For democratic economists like Mr. Guillebaud, full employment is identical with economic well-being. The critically minded, however, will not be satisfied with the simple statements that unemployment no longer exists in Nazi Germany, and that public spending achieved full employment. During the World War, industry everywhere was operating at full speed; millions of men were mobilized and many more millions were providing them with armaments and munitions. It is easy to wipe out unemployment by war or rearmament. But most people will agree that war is too high a price to be paid for full employment and they will doubt whether this method can be permanently effective. Even democratic countries could abolish unemployment at a moment's notice by raising an army of proportionately the same size as the German, as was shown some time ago by The London Economist. It takes a professional economist to admire such a policy as a stroke of economic genius.

German economic policy since 1934 can be understood only as preparation for war. Yet Mr. Guillebaud considers this fact so unimportant that he refers to it merely in a footnote, four pages before the end of his book. He does not realize, apparently, that billions of marks, a substantial part of Germany's national wealth, have been spent, not for economic prosperity, but for rearmament and costly experiments in self-sufficiency that were chiefly intended to strengthen the war machine. Consequently he fails to grasp the peculiar character of German "prosperity"—namely, full employment accompanied by a stationary or even declining standard of living.

Mr. Guillebaud believes that this German war economy is an experiment in line with Mr. Keynes's theory of employment. Germany, however, proves only something which was always known—that by spending billions, regardless of economic considerations, the unemployed can be kept busy. To interpret Mr. Keynes's theories as nothing more than a repetition of this age-old principle amounts almost to a libel. On the contrary, it is vital for the Germans to disprove Keynes's theory that government spending induces a larger amount of private spending. For the German war economy, private spending is an enemy of the state, since it absorbs resources that the government needs for rearmament. In Nazi Germany, full employment means just the opposite of what Mr. Guillebaud considers it to be. It is not economic well-being; on the contrary it is a low and declining standard of life.

Mr. Schmidt's hard-headed book on Italian fascism, "The Corporate State in Action," is the obverse of Mr. Guillebaud's book on Germany. Here, nothing is taken at its official value. That much advertised Fascist invention, the corporation, is presented as behaving essentially like any business pressure group. Business men meet and reach agreements in the same manner as in the pre-Fascist day. The main difference is that now some of their arrangements are sanctioned by the State.

Mr. Schmidt says that Italian fascism came into being as an instrument of the propertied interests. In the first years after the march on Rome the Fascist regime was "the dictatorship of big business." Later, the crisis strengthened state control over economic life, but still in favor of "a few men of big business and landed property, and the governing hierarchy." Corporations served only as an instrument by which powerful pressure groups demanded, and obtained, favors in the name of national interests.

In time the growing economic difficulties compelled the dictatorship to seek escape in foreign fields. The result was that Italian economic life became more and more subservient to the government's ends and Italian fascism began to follow the German pattern. Profits of the war industries rose at the expense of the national wealth. Labor and natural resources were wasted in building up armaments and in the struggle for self-sufficiency, with the result that the standard of living declined sharply. Italy has never achieved the "economic miracles" of her German ally. Since she was poorer than Germany when she began this policy, the drawbacks of Fascist economics became apparent more clearly and rapidly, but essentially both countries have the same system. And that system, as Mr. Schmidt's book shows us convincingly, has very little to tell about the needs of a peace-loving nation.

ADOLF STURMTHAL

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Three Novels

The Hospital, by Kenneth Fearing. New York: Random House. $2.

THIS NOVEL is more interesting as an accurate-sounding cross-section of a big New York institution than as fiction. Possibly it falls down because of that supreme irritant to the reader, the device of having a hundred things happen in a half-hour of time, carrying each a few minutes along, dropping it for another. The constant start-stop of the method gives a curious effect of slow motion in spite of the way you are jerked around. The characters (all of whom unfortunately speak in the first person) don't get a chance to matter individually; and in spite of the death, the double suicide, the operation, separation, accident and new-lease-on-life which occupy the foreground, it is mostly a setting without action. A good setting, though; and well understood.

It is a top-to-bottom coverage of the many forms of hospital life, and exciting in its account of procedures. And it is a book with its eyes open: the overwork and underpay, the corner-cutting on equipment and personnel, are tied solidly into the iron-fisted philanthropism of a money-eyed clique—and this with nothing short of appreciation for medicine as a heroic tradition. There is some good lean writing in the book, and something like a staccato prose poem in the sections leading up to the last delirium of Dr. Gavin. The people are likely, too—but they don't stay with you long, being swallowed up in numbers. The hospital itself remains longer. That the hospital is finally an empty shell results from the fact that the novel both tries to include too much life and fails to get enough in. OTIS FERGUSON

All the Tomorrows, by Naomi Lane Babson. New York: Reynal and Hitchcock. $2.50.

THE SO-CALLED GENEALOGICAL NOVEL dealing with the social unit of family, and the tension between successive generations, has become one of the most important types of fiction in this changing world. "Buddenbrooks," by Thomas Mann, and the "Small Souls" series by Couperus are masterpieces with which it would be unfair to compare Miss Babson's novel; but on the other hand, instead of the ordered life of Lübeck or The Hague, Miss Babson has for background China in transition. There more than anywhere else the concept of family is bound up with the old culture, sanctified by persistence through thousands of years and, within the family, the struggle is a desperate one between that culture and the demands of western progress, which are the inescapable conditions of national survival.

Miss Babson has chosen her characters, or, as she would say, they chose themselves, as representatives of the various aspects of that struggle. The placid charm of existence in the extensive household of the rich merchant, Lo Yu-chan, in 1862, gives way to the mingling of East and West in the family of his Eurasian grandson, Felix Lo, who prides himself on his modernism in the midst of his ancestral inhibitions. In the children of the latter we have the conflict in acute form, with the bombs of Japan bursting about them. Throughout the seventy-five years of the story persists the figure of Apricot, who anticipates the revolution by refusing to have her feet bandaged and, in breaking purdah, becomes the mother of Felix, the grandmother of Pearl and Jade, and the great grandmother of Freedom, daughter of Jade and a Communist officer. Beside these the male characters are pale. Miss Babson reveals a perhaps unconscious feminism in minimizing the ancestral predilection for sons, and asserting that the future of China is in its women—as it is. ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Rogue Male, by Geoffrey Household. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $2.

THE IDEA of assassinating Hitler is a popular one; a neat and relatively bloodless formula for solving individually what must be solved by the unity and bloodshed of many. But it is a sure draw for the reader, and Geoffrey Household's expansion of the pipe-dream into an attempted fact makes a novel that is a fine mixture of adventure, travel and psychology.

The would-be assassin is used chiefly as the mirror of an English type. Even as he is crawling to the verge of the Berchtesgaden retreat and training his telescopic sights on the Führer's vest, he is assuring himself that he is quite disinterested and has no intention of firing. As he flees to the border, minus an eye and most of his buttocks, he ponders sadly the Nazis' refusal to recognize his purely sporting motives. He is hurt deeply at having to push a Gestapo agent onto the electrified line of a London subway.

It is only when the Gestapo runs him to earth in his own English countryside, and corners him in a burrow under a hedge, that he calls a halt to self-deception. Only then does he admit his hatred of his enemies' principles and the nonsense of his sportsmanship, and this narrowing down of personal liberty as a prerequisite for accepting one's soul is brought out through a fine combination of mental and physical adventure. When our hero lives to try again, this time with a wholesome grasp of his motives, our blessings are with him so wholeheartedly that we willingly forget his obvious insanity. NIGEL DENNIS

New Books: A Reader's List

POLAND, by W. J. Rose (Penguin Books, 25 cents). A useful, pocket-size book, full of simply stated facts. Not so much concerned with Danzig and the Corridor pros and cons as with the general historical and physical background of the whole country, its racial and political problems and material assets. Has maps and a bibliography of suggested reading.

IRON BREW, by Stewart H. Holbrook (Macmillan, $2.50). A kaleidoscopic history of the iron and steel industry, with primary emphasis on rip-roaring personalities, homeric brawling and generally vivid pioneering details.

IN A WORD, by Margaret S. Ernst (Knopf, $2.50). "Some 250 specimens just to have fun with," of word derivations. Fascinating material, but the fun is all the author's. It isn't scholarly. It is over the heads of the nursery, but in its arch and impossible humor, its wooden sense of word values, it certainly got its start there. Worth owning for its 63 illustrations by James Thurber (done for what reason no one could guess).

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AFRICAN MAJESTY, by F. Clement C. Egerton (Scribner's, $3.75). Although the modern age was evident along the way—hitchhikers swarming on the roads through the jungles, and marketmen staging a sitdown strike—at Banganté, the court of N'jiké, King of the Bamileke, Mr. Egerton found primitive idols, ju-ju ceremonies and a harem of nearly a hundred. The many photographs in the book prove that clothing the harem was not much expense to the monarch.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF PLATO, by Raphael Demos (Scribner's, $3). A reconstruction and interpretation of the great philosopher's doctrines from his own works, arranged by topics, with a particular emphasis on those aspects of Plato which, like his critique of the "democratic man," are pertinent to ourselves. Technically competent and attractively written.

THE MATE TAKES HER HOME, by Oliver Pilat (Scribner's, $2.50). Starts out like a good sea novel; ends up in a lurid and hardly credible mixture of romance and gore. A good assortment of types and a bit of fast action. Readable.

SHANGHAI '37, by Vicki Baum (Doubleday, Doran, $2.75). The nine characters here start out almost any place on the globe, and end up under a bomb in the Shanghai Hotel. In the interim they lead amazing and generally fascinating lives. Miss Baum is fine at depicting the kind of person who would definitely not be a help in a two-family house in the suburbs.

STEPHEN AYRES, by James McConnaughey (Farrar and Rinehart, $2.50). As the hero advances from iron salesman to owner of a small foundry, he becomes increasingly aware of deeper personal and social values. But although he is more than the traditional young American on the make, the novel is not much better than average.

Contributors

CAREY MCWILLIAMS, author of "Factories in the Fields," is the California State Commissioner of Immigration and Housing.

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WALDO FRANK, whose most recent novel was "The Bridegroom Cometh," has also written many books of philosophy and travel.

ERNEST O. HAUSER, author of "The Rest of the World," spent a number of years in the Far East as a newspaper correspondent. Last year he revisited it to write a series of articles for Asia.

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